

THE
Mulberry-Garden,
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted by
His MAJESTIE'S SERVANTS
AT THE
THEATREROYAL.

Written by the Honourable
Sir CHARLES SIDLEY.

LONDON,
Printed for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the
Lower walk of the *New Exchange*. 1675.

Mulberry-Garden

COMEDY.

THE MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

Written by the Honorable

SIR CHARLES SIDENT

LONDON

Printed for H. Houghton, at the Sign of the Blue Anchor in the
Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1675.

TO
HER GRACE
THE
DUTCHESSE
OF

RICHMOND and LENOX.

Madam,

TIs an unquestion'd Priviledge we Authors have of troubling whomsoever we please with an Epistle Dedicatory, as we call it, when we print a Play; Kings and Princes have never been able to exempt either themselves or their Favourites from our Persecution. I think your Grace (for a Person of so great Eminence, Beauty, Indulgence to Wit, and other Advantages that mark you out to suffer under Addresses of this Nature) has scap't very well hitherto. For I do not remember your Name yet made a Sanctuary to any of these Criminals: But, Madam, your time is come, and you must bear it patiently. All the favour I can shew you, is that of a good Executioner, which is, not to prolong your pain. You see, Madam, here the unhappiness of being born in our time, in which to that Vertue and Perfection, the Greeks and Romans would have given Temples and Altars, the highest thing

The Epistle Dedicatory.

thing we dare dedicate, is a Play or some such Trifle. This that I now offer to your Grace, you were so kind to when it was in loose Sheets, that by degrees you have train'd it up to the confidence of appearing in Print before you: And I hope you will find it no hard matter to pardon a Presumption you have your self been accessory to, especially in one that is intirely,

MADAM,

Your Graces Devoted and

Obedient Servant,

CHARLES SIDLEY.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir John Everingham.

Sir Samuel Forecast.

Harry Madish.

Ned Estridge.

Jack Wildish.

Snappum.

Eugenio.

Philander.

Horatio.

Officer and Assistants.

Servant to Sir Samuel Forecast.

Musicians and Dancers.

Prentices, and Sedan-men.

Diana.

Althea.

Widow Brightstone.

Victoria.

Olivia.

Prologue.

NEW Poets (like fresh Beauties come to Town)
Have all that are decay'd to cry 'um down,
All that are envious, or that have writ ill:
For Wits and Heroes fain won'd, dying, kill.
Like Statesmen in disgrace, they ill endure
A better conduct should our good procure:
As an old Sinner, who in's youth has known
Most Women bad, dares venture upon none.
Our Authour, seeing here the Fate of Plays,
The dangerous Rocks upon the Coast of praise,
The cruel Critick and malicious Wit,
Who think themselves undone if a Play hit:
And like those Wretches who on shipwracks thrive,
Rage if the Vessel do the Storm out-live,
By others loss he stood a while forewarn'd,
But against tempting hope no man is arm'd:
Amongst great Gamesters, when deep play is seen,
Few that have money but at last come in:
He has known many with a trifling sum,
Into vast Fortunes by your favours run:
This gives him confidence to try his Fate,
And makes him hope he is not come too late:
If you'll undo him quite, like Rooks begin,
And for this once in cunning let him win.
He hopes the Ladies at small faults will wink,
And a new Poet, a new Servant think.

(1)

THE

Mulberry Garden.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir John Everyongs House stands.

Enter Sir John Everyong, and Sir Samuel Forecast.

Ever. **W**ELL, for all this heat, let's every one Govern his own Family as he has a mind to't; I never vex my self that your Daughters Live shut up as if they were in *Spain* or *Italy*; Nor pray don't you trouble your self that mine See Plays, Balls, and take their innocent Diversion, As the Custom of the Country, and their age requires.

Forec. They are my Nieces, as they are your Daughters, And I'll tell you, you spoil 'um with your own Example: youth may well be allow'd to be Stark mad, when they see age so Extravagant: Is that a Dress for my elder Brother, and a Reverend Justice?

Ever. Yes, and a properer than your little Cuffs, Black Cap, and Boots there, for a Gentleman.

Forec. Of Eighteen I confess, but not of Fifty.

Ever. Yes, though he were as old as any before The Flood; and for my part I'll not bate a Riband For all the whole Tribe of you can say: you know Your self every Fool wou'd fain be thought wife; And why an old man shou'd not desire to be Thought young, I see no Reason: as long as

B.

I am

I am whole at heart, I'm resolv'd my Cloaths
Shall ne're betray me.

Forec. There's no need on't, your face does it sufficiently,
Come I'm wam'd to see you every day
Set out thus powder'd, and trim'd, like an old Player,
To act a young Prince; your Periwig I like
Very well, it serves to keep your bald pate warm,
But that flirting Hat there looks as it were
Made rather for your Wit than your Head.
Pray which is most *a-la-mode*, Right
Reverend Spark?—Points, or Laces? Girdle,
Or shoulder-Belts? what say your Letters
Out of France?

Ever. Lord, what pains you take to quarrel
At my Dreis and Mirth, as if age were not
Tedious enough already, but we
Must adde neglect of our selves, and moroseness
Toward others: Children now-a-days are
Not so fond of their Parents, that we
Need use any Art to make 'em hate us.

Fore. Well, go then, and carry your Daughters abroad,
And break their Bellies with Sillabub, tis the
Greatest kindness you can do 'em now;
As you have bred 'em, you may e'ne keep
'Em to your self, and save their Portions;
I believe no body will be very fond of a
Hide-Park Filly for a Wife; nor an old Boy
That looks like a Pedlar's Pack for a Father-in-law:
But now I think on't, you are
Such a Spark, they'd lose their Reputations
With you if they had any.

Ever. For ought I see good Brother, they stand
As fair in the opinion of the world as yours,
And have done nothing but what I like very well.

Fore. What do you count it nothing, to be all
Day abroad, to live more in their Coach
Than at home, and if they chance to keep
The House an Afternoon, to have the Yard

Full of Sedans, the Hall full of Footmen
And Pages, and their Chambers cover'd all over
With Feathers and Ribands, dancing and playing
At Cards with 'um till morning?

Ever. Why, where's the hurt of all this?

Fore. O no hurt at all; but if they were my Daughters
I should be looking for Cradles and Nurseries,
I shou'd be sorry to hear *Diana* or *Althea*
Went abroad without some discreet body
To look after them, or were at home indeed
Without employing their time in some piece
Of Huswifry, or at least some good book.

Ever. You and I shall never hit it, for now I
Think those women who have been least
Us'd to Liberty, most apt to abuse it, when
They come to't.

Fore. O this fine believing Gentleman, I should
Laugh heartily to see him a Grand-father
Without a Son-in-law.

Enter to them Victoria and Olivia.

Viſt. Sir, if you don't use the Coach your self,
My Sister and I wou'd go abroad this Afternoon.

Ever. Take it Children, but don't keep the Horses
Out too late.

Fore. What! never ask 'um whither they're
Going? by your favour I'll put that Question
To 'um; Come hither *Victoria*, what visits
Do you intend this afternoon?

Viſt. None Sir, we were only going a Rambling.

Fore. A Rambling! methinks that word sounds
Very prettily i'the mouth of a young Maid;
Next time I ask 'um whither they're going,
I believe they'll answer me, To drink
A Bottle or two; but whither pray?

Olivia. For that Sir we shall take counsel of the weather,
Either up into the City, or towards the Park.

Fore. What, none but you two?

Oliv. We intended to call on my Cousins
Althea and Diana.

Fore. They took Physick this morning, and
Are not well, you'l but lose your labour.

Viſ. Sir they sent for us but an hour ago.

Fore. You had better go without um, they
Are all undrest; to stay for um, would
But make you lose the sweet of the Evening.

Ever. Brother, what are you jealous of them too?
I assure you they are women in womens
Cloaths.

Fore. I am not jealous of um, but since you'd
Have it so, I'de as lieve they'd keep away.

Ever. And I'de as lieve you'd keep away, till you
Understand your self better; what? you
Think your Daughters like your Money,
Never safe, but under Lock and Key; who
Wou'd you have um converse with, if not
With their Relations?

Fore. With those that are a kin to um in manners
And behaviour, such as they may learn
Some goodness of; I see nothing they can
Learn here but vanity.

Viſ. Sister, they begin to be angry, come
Let's leave um till the storm be over.

Fore. What are they gone? I warrant
If we had been reading a Play, or Romance,
We shou'd not have been rid of um so
Soon; but I'll spoil their sport at
My House.

Ever. A precious Design, and worthy of your
Gravity! But if you do, Brother, I'll tell
You one thing, you'l go near to spoil
A match at cross purposes: farewell.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Modish his Chamber.**Enter Henry Modish and Ned Estridge.*

Mod. Good morrow *Ned*. I thought I had left you
Too deep engag'd last night to have been
Here thus early.

Estr. Why you sneak'd away just as the Sport
Began, like a half-bred Cock that strikes
A Stroak or two briskly, and then runs.

Mod. Faith, I had so many Irons in the fire for
To day, I durst not run the hazard of
A disorder last night: but you know
My heart was with you.

Estr. You would not have repented it, if your
Whole Body and Soul had been with us; *Jack*
Wildish sent for a dozen more of Champaigne
And a Brace of such Girls, as we shou'd have
Made Honourable Love to, in any other
Place; and Sir *John Everyting* was in the
Pleasantest Humour, I'de give a piece I
Cou'd repeat the Satyr he made of the Country.

Mod. It wou'd be good News to his Daughters,
For they say, now and then in a morning
He is of another mind.

Estr. That's only while his head akes, they need
Not fear him; he swears hee'l n'er stir
Beyond *Hide-Parke* or *Colebys* at farthest,
As long as he has an Acre left, they shall
All come to him: 'tis a pleasant old Fellow,
He has given me a hundred pounds for my
Gray beard, and is to ride himself this day
Month twice round the Park, against a bay
Stone-Horse of *Wildisher*, for two hundred more.

Mod. Methought *Wildish* and you were very

Intimate, pray how long have you been
Acquainted?

Estr. Faith, about a week or so, time's a thing only necessary
For the Friendship of vulgar Spirits: O here comes
The Gentleman we are speaking of; now *Jack*,
What small Petticoat do you come from? *{Enter*
{Wildish.

Wild. E'ne such another as you are going to now
With all this Bravery: those Cravats that design
The Right Honourable, I'll lay a piece will be
Rumpl'd by a worse Woman than they were
Washt, yet afore night.

Mod. Wou'd all the world were of his mind, we
Young men shou'd pass our time well.

Wild. O never the better for that; such *Monsieurs*
As you by your Feathers are known to be Birds
Of prey, and though you catch nothing, you
Scare all; Besides, every good man is not acquainted
With this Principle among you, that you can be
In Love with nothing but your selves, and may
Be jealous of his Wife, when indeed you come
Innocently to take a view of your persons from
Head to feet in the great Glass; comb out your
Periwig, shake your Garnitures, and be gone.

Estr. What, dost think we have no other way
Of Entertainment? No Discourse, *Jack*?

Wild. Yes, a little now and then about their dress,
Whether their Patches be too many or too few,
Too great or too small, whether her Handkerchief
Be *Point de Venie* or *Rome*; and having left behind
You some proof of your ability in the Mode,
Return to shew your selves at the last Act
Of a Play.

Mod. I dare swear, *Jack*, thy Acquaintance puts
Thee to none of these Criticisms, a plain Gorget
And a black Scarf are all their varieties; and
Are you well Mistress? and what Company
Have you kept lately? thy most familiar
Questions. But Raillery apart. Say it were

A mans

A mans Fortune to prevail upon one of these
Thou believest so impregnable Forts, and to be
Receiv'd where never any but your self came
So near as to be deny'd; were not that a
Conquest?

Wild. As great as that of a place not tenible
Can be; the present Plunder indeed is somewhat,
But upon the first Siege you must look to be
Driven out: a Ladies heart is a kind of Fortification
That is easier surpris'd by being well man'd,
And makes ever the strongest resistance of it self.

Estr. 'Tis true, *Modish*, for I have still observ'd,
That when one of these persons of Honour,
Does a little forget her self, though at first
Through a secret Sympathy, and invincible
Inclination (as they call it) for one particular
Man, she ever after loves the whole Sex the
Better for it.

Wild. Right; for these good Creatures, Women,
Are like Cats, if once made tame, any one
May play with 'um; if not, there's no
Coming near 'um.

Mod. Thou think'st thou hast maul'd 'um now;
Why I tell thee, *Jack*, a Hector is not readier
To pick a Quarrel with a sawey Creditor,
And swear he will never pay the Rascal,
Than a man is to have one with his Mistress
Towards the latter end of an Amour; especially
If it amount to a handfom occasion of
Leaving her, 'tis the kindest thing she can do
Then: what think you, *Astridge*?

Estr. Faith, I'm of your mind, yet I have known
Some unconscionable Ladies make their
Servants wait as long for a just Exception,
And almost as impatiently, as they did for the
First Favour.

Wild. Favour and Exception, Gentlemen, are words
I don't meet with in seven years, where

I go,

I go, my piece makes my complement
 When I come in, and my Excuse when I
 Go away; and 'tis ever well taken too:
 I have all the day to bestow upon my business,
 The night upon my Friends, whilst you are
 Kissing the Cards at *Ombre*, or presenting
 Oranges at a Play-house.

Estr. Thou never knew'st it seems what 'twas
 To be in Love then.

Wild. No faith, I never let the Disease run on so far,
 I always took it in time, and then a Bottle
 Of Wine or two, and a the Friend is an approv'd
 Remedy; there are men in the world though,
 Who in that Distemper prescribe some
 Serious Employment, continual Exercise,
 Spare Diet, and the like; but they are Philosophers,
 And in my opinion make the Remedy worse than
 The Disease.

Estr. I do confess your's is the pleasantest Cure;
 If it be one; but I doubt it only gives a little
 Ease for the present, and like small Beer in the
 Morning after a merry bout over night,
 Doth but make us the worse afterwards.

Mod. I now, you talk to him of what he understands.
 What do you tell him of Love for? who by
 His own confession never knew what it was.

Wild. No, but I guess this same Love you speak
 Of, Gentlemen, to be much like Longing in
 Women, a phantastical appetite to some one
 Thing above all others, which if they cannot
 Get, the Lover miscarries of his passion,
 And the Lady of her little one; or if they do, are
 Both quickly satisfi'd and it becomes for
 Ever after very indifferent, if not loathsome.

Estr. Well, *Modish*, I perceive we shall do none
 Good on him, let's take him to the Mulberry-
 Garden, and see what the Ladies can do.

Wild. You shall excuse me, I have a small

(2)

Ramble of my own for an hour or two
This Afternoon: and so your Servant.

[Exit.]

Mod. 'Tis time we were going,
I warrant they have walk'd every foot of
The Garden, twice over by this time:
They are mad to know, whether their
Friends in Town have dealt faithfully
With'um of late, concerning the Mode.

Est. These Country Ladys for the first month
Take up their places in the *Mulberry Garden*,
As early as a Citizens Wife at a new Play.

Mod. And for the most part are as easily discover'd;
They have always somewhat on, that is
Just left off by the Better Sort.

Est. They are the Antipodes of the Court; for
When a Fashion sets there, it rises
Among them.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Victoria and Olivia.

Viā. Sister, whatever the matter is, methinks
We don't see half the Company that us'd
To meet here anights, when we were last
In Town.

Olio. 'Tis true, but methinks 'tis much better than the long
Walk at home: for in my opinion
Half a score young men, and fine Ladies
Well drest, are a greater Ornament to
A Garden, than a Wilderness of Sycamores,
Orange, and Lemmon Trees; and the rustling
Of rich Vests and Silk Pettycoats, better
Musick than the purling of Streams,
Chirping of Birds, or any of our Country
Entertainments: and that I hope the place
Will afford us yet, as soon as the Plays
Are done.

C

Viā.

Viſ. Sister, what wou'd you give to see
Eſtridge come in now ?

Oliv. 'Tis impossible, he wou'd not miſs his
Devotion to the Park, for all I could give,
Such an Evening as this : beſides the two
Garnitures he brought out of *France* are
Soil'd, his Feather broke, and he has been
So out of humour theſe two days, there's
No enduring him ; he loſt his Money too
Laſt night I hear ; and loſing Gameſters
Are but ill company.

Viſ. Fye Sister, you make him a ſaver with
A look ; and Fine, in but thinking he is ſo :
You deſerve not ſo compleat a Servant,
But I hope you'll be as obliging to
His face, as you are ſevere to him
Behind his back.

Oliv. The only way to oblige moſt men
Is to uſe 'um thus, a little now and then,
Even to their faces, it gives 'um an
Opinion of our wit ; and is conſequently
A Spur to theirs : the great pleaſure
Of Gaming were loſt, if we ſaw one
Anothers hands ; and of Love, if we knew one
Anothers Hearts : there would be no room
For good Play in the One, nor for Addreſs
In the Other ; which are the refin'd parts
Of both. But what would you give to ſee *Horatio* ?

Viſ. To ſee *Horatio*, as I knew him once,
I would all other happineſs renounce ;
But he is now anothers, and my aim
Is not to nourish, but to ſtarve my flame :
I dare not hope my Captive to regain,
So many Charms contribute to his Chain.
Althea's Slave, let falſe *Horatio* live,
Whilst I for freedom, not for Empire ſtrive.

Oliv. Fye Sister, leave this Ryming at leaſt.

Enter to them Elstridge and Modish.

Elstr. Ladys, it is our wonder to find any body Here at this time of Day, and no less our Happiness to meet with you; all the world Is at the Park, where we had been our Selves, but that we saw your Livery At the Gate.

Vil. I pray let us not keep you here Gentlemen, Your Mistresses will curse us, and your Selves too, by and by, if the Garden shou'd Not fill.

Elstr. If we with any company, Ladies, 'tis for Your sakes, not our own.

Mod. For my part I wou'd ne're desire a Garden fuller than this is now; we Are two to two, and may be hand to Hand when you please.

Oliv. I don't know what you think, but in My mind the More the Merrier, especially In these places.

Elstr. I, for show, Madam, but it happens in Great Companys, as at Feasts, we see a Great deal, and fall to heartily of nothing, And for the most part rise hungry: and 'tis With Lovers, Madam, as with great Bellied Women, if they find what they Long for, they care not whether there Be any thing else or no.

Vil. What in love already? sure the air of This place is a great softner of mens hearts.

Mod. How can it chuse, having so many Lovers sighs daily mixt with it? but 'twere A much better quality in't, Madam, if It could incline Ladies to believe, and look With pity on those flames they raise.

Oliv. 'Tis too early to make Love this two Hours. Flames and Pity wou'd sound much better In the Evening.

Mod. 'Tis not with love, Madam, as with meaner Arguments; I might entertain you with My passion for an age, and yet have as Much left for anon, as if I had not Spoke one word; the Sea is easier emptied Than a Lovers breast.

Oliv. What say you, Sir, is this your opinion too?

Est. Yes faith, Madam, and I think a Lover can No more say at once, what he hath to Say to his Mistress, than a man can eat At once for his whole life time.

Oliv. Nay, if it be so endless, I should beg of My Servant, when ever I have one, E'ne to keep it to himself for altogether.

Est. There you betray your ignorance, With your pardon, Madam; to see the Fair *Olivia*, and not love her, is not More impossible, than to love her, and not Tell her on't. Silent Lovers you may read Of, and in Romances too, but Heavens Forbid you shou'd e're meet with any.

Oliv. If they knew how little they were like To get by being otherwise, I'm confident I shou'd meet with none else.

Est. Well, Madam, I perceive Love, like Wine, Makes our Discourse seem extravagant To those that are not wound up to The same height: But had you any spark Of what I feel, I should have had Another Answer.

Oliv. Why, what Answer?

Est. Nay, I know not, but some pretty one, That love wou'd have devis'd for you; No more to be imagin'd by you now, Than what you shall talk of next In your sleep: In the mean time, Ladies, Will you do us the honour to eat Syllabubs?

Oliv. Sister, let's go, so they'll promise to say

Nothing

Nothing but what they think to us when
We are there.

Mod. You may do what you please, *Ned*, but 'tis
A liberty I dare not use my self to, for
Fear of an ill habit.

Estr. You are very confident of our good opinion,
Ladies; I believe there are few women
In Town wou'd accept of our Company
On these terms.

Viz. Faith, Sister, let's bate 'um that circumstance,
Truth is a thing meerly necessary for witnesses,
And Historians, and in these places doth but
Curb invention, and spoil good Company;
We will only confine 'um to what's
Probable.

Mod. Content, and I dare swear 'twill be better
For all Parties.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Sir Samuel Forecasts House.*

Enter Althea and Diana.

Dian. We two, or none, may of our Stars complain,
Who afford us nothing to share but pain;
Each bears her own, and th'others portion too;
This cruel wonder can high friendship do.

Alth. To us how cheap might they have joy allow'd,
Since both had had what they on each bestow'd!

But yet thy loss I rate above my own,
Fate on thy Love till now did never frown:

Philander thee above the world did prize,

Thy Parents saw him almost with thy Eyes:

All things so prosperous were, thou cou'dst not guess,

An Accident to wound thy happiness.

I wretched Maid, have but a passion lost,

Which if none else, my Parents wou'd have crost:

My lowly hopes do but a step descend,

Whilst thine, from their full height do head-long bend:

This hour that promis'd all, can nothing pay,
And *Hymen* steals his lighted Torch away.

Dian. Ah, dear *Althea*, let not thou and I
Contend who most exceeds in misery;
It is a dismal strife, since were my own
Lefs, I'd share thine till they were equal grown.
Curse on Ambition, why shou'd Honour take
A present back agen, that Love did make?
On thee *Eugenio* did his Life bestow,
To me *Philander* did his service vow;
Yet both for Honour have those ties despis'd
And now are fled, or must be sacrific'd.
Unkind *Philander*, had Love fill'd thy breast
With half those flames thou hast so oft exprest,
They had consumed in their purer fires
All other thoughts, and thou wou'dst never mind,
Who were for Kings, and who for Slaves design'd.

Alth. The noble sense they show of the sad Fate
Of their dear Country, sets a higher rate
Upon their Love; for who that had a grain
Of Honour in him, cou'd endure the Reign
Of proud Usurpers, whose Relentless will,
Is all the Law by which men spare or kill;
And his true Prince in Banishment behold,
Worthy of more than Fortune can with-hold,
These monstrous with the crimes of prosperous Fate,
The other shining in his adverse State,
So that each stroke of Fortune does but seem
A step for his Heroick mind to climb,
Till he has got above her reach, and then
The Vertue she has try'd she'll love agen?
Though I must truly mourn their ill success,
I cou'd not with *Eugenio* had done less.

Dian. Had their high Vertue the least doubt endur'd,
Even with their death it had been cheaply cur'd:
But this brave Act is but to me and you,
A dangerous proof of what before we knew.

Alth. Though their true worth to us before were clear,

This

This Act has made it to the world appear;
 None ever with that obstinacy lov'd,
 But they were pleas'd to see their choice approv'd :
 No joy compleat to worthy minds can seem,
 Which is not height'ned by the worlds esteem.

Dian. My heart, *Althea*, does less grieve it has
 Ventur'd its treasure in so lov'd a cause,
 Than that *Philander* did not let me know
 The danger he was like to undergo.

Alth. Sister, though Laws of Decency refuse,
 We shining Swords and glittering Armour use ;
 Yet a decision of what's right or wrong,
 As well as mens, does to our minds belong ;
 And we best show it when we most approve
 Those men that fight in Quarrels which we love :
 Though they of Courage have the ruder part,
 The Vertue may become a womans heart,
 Though not her hand ; and she that bravely dares
 Expose her Love, sure for her life not cares,
 I knew *Eugenio* must that hazard run,
 Nor could consent he should the danger shun ;
 And had *Philander* the like thoughts of you,
 He without doubt had dealt as freely too.

Dian. I must confess my love could never yield,
 That he agen shou'd win it in the field :
 Let me the greatness of your mind admire,
 Whilst I deplore the greatness of my fire,
 A fire which lends no light, but that which serves
 To shew how much what I expos'd deserves,
 How much he hazards, and how far I am
 From vent'ring him for the whole voice of Fame,
 Whose danger had I known, my Eyes, alas !
 Had wept a Sea, he wou'd have fear'd to pass ;
 But we so long of what is past complain,
 As if no further mischief did remain,
 As if Fate here had her whole malice spent
 And all the Arrows from her Quiver sent.

Alth. When Fate wou'd harm where Vertue does protect,

She

She does her guilt and impotence detect;
 She can but rob the Vertuous of that rest,
 She must restore again with interest,
 And all the danger of these Heroes past,
 Must needs consider their high worth at last.

Dian. What we desire, how fain we wou'd believe,
 And wish that Fortune knew not to deceive!
 But she profusely to some presents makes,
 And as unjustly from some other takes.
 I fear she's so much to their worth in debt,
 She'l nothing pay, because the whole's too great:
 Like Tyrants wealth, her Bounties still appear,
 Who give to few, what they from many tear.

Alth. In the meantime I fear our cruel friends
 Will not consult our liking, but their ends:
 I know they'l press I should *Horatio* wed,
 And promise thee unto some Strangers bed.

Dian. They may such Matches as they please provide,
 But here I vow I'll never be a Bride
 To any but *Philander*; in that Heart
 He taught to love, none else shall have a part.

Alth. I the like Vow to my *Eugenio* make,
 Which Fates worst malice shan't have power to break;
 As Trees expos'd to Storms take deeper root,
 Than those that do in peaceful Valleys sprout:
 So in all Noble minds, a virtuous Love
 By opposition does the firmer prove.

Dian. 'Tis fit, *Althea*, I now take my leave,
 Whilst you prepare *Horatio* to receive.

Alth. Farewel, *Diana*, and be sure you do
 Nothing unworthy of your Love and Vow.

Ring.

Exeunt Diana and Althea severally.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Samuel Forecast, Althea, Jack Wildish, and Olivia.

Fore. **D**Aughter, we are much beholding to *Horatio*,
The Portion I can give with you does not
Deserve a man of past half his Fortune;
Six thousands pounds a year, an Estate well
Wooded, and I am told very improveable,
It makes me young again to think on't:
Eugenio I never lik't, and as things stand
Now, am right glad we had no more to do
With him; But that I am one whose
Affection and good will to the State has sufficiently
Manifested it self, I might be thought
To have a hand in their Design, and so have
Been put in the Tower; and had my Fortune
Seiz'd on: *Eugenio* shall never call a
Child of mine, wife; as long as
I live.

Wild. But, Sir, your zeal to the Cause has put
You above those apprehensions.

Fore. You say right, Mr. *Wildish*, but we cannot
Be in this case too secure; and I am resolv'd

Althea, to take off all suspicion, shall out
Of hand marry with *Horatio*.

Alth. Sir, I hope you will allow me some
Time to dismiss *Eugenio* from my thoughts.

Wild. And, pray Sir, what prejudice, what
Exception have you to *Eugenio*?

Fore. Originally this only, his Father made a
Purchase of some Land, that lay next hedge
To mine, and gave a thousand pounds more
Than it was worth, only to buy it over my head:

D

Think

Think no more on him upon my blessing,
 He is not the man he was; he had an Estate,
 'Tis now sequester'd, he dare not show his
 Head; and besides, I would not have a Son-in-
 Law of his principles, for six times his fortune;
 I thou'd be sorry to see any Child of mine
 Solliciting her Husbands Composition at
 A Committee.

Alth. Had I once had the relation of a Wife
 To *Eugenio*, I should have thought nothing
 A trouble that had become my Duty, and
 Cou'd as chearfully have shar'd an honourable
 Suffering, as the most flourishing condition.

Fore. I charge you never receive visit, or
 Message from him more, and tell your Sister
Diana, 'tis my pleasure she quit all
 Correspondence with *Philander*.
 They are both dangerous persons.

[*Turns to Wildish.*]

These young Wenches, Mr. *Wildish*, have less
 Forecast than Pigeons, so they be billing, they
 Look no farther; n'ere think of building their
 Nests, nor what shall become of their little ones.

Wild. Sir, I think they're i'th' right, let 'um encrease
 And multiply, and for the rest, trust him that set
 'Um a work.

Fore. Mr. *Wildish*, you are a merry Gentleman; but
 I'll tell you, Mrs. *Althea*, as I have given you
 Life, I'll take care you shan't make it miserable.

Alth. Sir the Happiness of life lies not in wealth, in
 Title, or in shew, but in the mind, which is not to
 Be forc'd; and we are not the less Slaves for being
 Bound in Chains of Gold: A marriage with
Horatio may make me appear happy to the
 Envious world, but like those destructive
 Arts, which, while they seem to aid, consume
 Our native Beauties, indeed must prey upon
 My inward peace.

Fore.

Fore. I'll warrant you peace within, and without too;
Horatio is a well natur'd proper Gentleman,
 And one that loves you.

Wild. Now there Sir *Samuel* I'm on your side,
 For so the Fan be play'd with, the hand kist;
 In fine, the passion handsomly discharg'd, 'tis
 No great matter who does it. As Children
 Cry after their old Nurses, but 'till they
 Are acquainted with their new: so young
 Ladies regret the loss of one Servant but
 Till they have got the same familiarity
 With another; which, by the way, is seldom
 Long first.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a man out of *Pater-Noster*
 Row with Stuffs.

Fore. Bid him carry 'um into the next Room.
 Come *Althea*, let's in and look upon 'um.

[*Ex. Althea and Sir Samuel.*]

Manent Wildish and Olivia.

Oliv. We Women are ever sure of your good
 Word, Mr. *Wildish*; when you have a Mistress,
 I hope she'll deserve it from you in particular,
 And have in perfection all those good qualities
 You so liberally bestow upon the whole Sex, in
 Your Discourse.

Wild. Why, Madam, I thought you had understood
 Raillery; faith I have so good an opinion of the Sex
 I am ashamed to own it but to one of them in
 Private; this is only the way of talking I have
 Got among my Companions, where when we
 Meet over a Bottle of Wine, 'tis held as great
 A part of wit to rallee women handsomly behind
 Their back, as to flatter 'um to their Faces.

Oliv. But why do you make us poor women the
 Subject of your mirth?

Wild. You are grown of late so uncharitable, and Villainous hard-hearted, are incompas'd with so Many difficulties, as decency, honour, and reputation, That we men that love our pleasure, begin to Hate you worfe than Beggars do a coach with The Glasses drawn up, despair of Relief, and fall A Railing.

Oliv. And if some kind-hearted wretch do chance To relieve one of you, like Beggars you tell it Presently, and send more; I warrant y^e are fine Fellows, a woman is well helpt up, That has one of you to her Servant.

Wild. Nay don't put me in among'um, I am a Meer Apostate, though not resolute enough To endure the Martyrdoms of being continually Laught at by half a score of um: all that I Have done of late, has been meer compliance, As Papists go to Church for fear of the penalty.

Oliv. Pray, Sir, to what fair Saint do we owe your Conversion?

Wild. Faith there are many in the World now wou'd Make you guess this half hour, telling you First the colour of her hair, her age, her Country, and perhaps the first Letter of her name; But I hate that way of fooling--- tis your Self---whom I love.

Oliv. Impudent fellow! don't you expect I shou'd Forbid you the house, or at least, for punishment Of such rudeness, condemn your guilty passion To eternal silence and despair? what! men Have liv'd years in Desarts for their Mistresses Sake, and yet have trembled when they spoke Of love; which you venture at with as Little Ceremony, as you'd ask me how I Slept last night.

Wild. I know not what Romances order in This cause, In ere thought it would be mine, And so ha'n't much study'd it: but prithee don't

Baulk a young Beginner; 'tis my first fault, and
So been't too severe, I shall relapse else
Beyond Redemption.

Oliv. Well, I'm content for once your ignorance
Shou'd plead your pardon.

Wild. Nay Mrs. *Olivia* consider me a little further;
I have lost the pleasures of mirth, of Wine,
And Company; all things that were before
Delightful to me, are no longer so; my
Life is grown but one continu'd Thought of
Your fair self: and is a pardon all that I
Must hope for?

Oliv. Come, leave your fooling, your old humour does
Better with you, a thousand times, than this
Whining Love. As there are some Perfumes
So strong, that they lose that name with
Most: So Complements may be so gross, that
They become injurious.

Wild. Why here's it now; there are so many cheats
In this Trade of Love too, that like Beggars,
The true go unreliev'd, because we meet with now
And then a counterfeit: on my life Mrs. *Olivia*
The plenty I have ever liv'd in, puts me
As much out of countenance to ask a Charity
Of this kind, as I cou'd be, should Fortune constrain
Me, to intreat one of the other; and wou'd not
Trouble you, cou'd my pain admit redress
From any but your self.

Oliv. Sure, Mr. *Wildish*, you wou'd think I had
An excellent opinion of my self, or an implicate
Faith in whatever you say, thou'd I believe
All this now.

Wild. If I told a Chirugion, I had broke my leg,
Do you think he wou'd not take my word?

Oliv. Yes sure.

Wild. Why shou'd not you take it then for a wounded
Heart? they are neither of 'um matters to
Brag on; and I wou'd no more lead the life

Of a Lover if I were free, than I wou'd
That of a sick man if I were well.

Oliv. Methinks the sick men, as you call 'um,
Live so like the well, as one can scarce know
One from th' other.

Wild. In your Chamber, perhaps; but abroad we
Find a thousand differences.

Oliv. Ashow, I pray?

Wild. Why, your true Lover leaves all Company
When the Sport begins, the Table when the Bottles
Are call'd for, the Gaming-house when the
Cards come up; is more afraid of an Engagement,
Than a Lawyer in Term-time;
Wou'd less miss the last Act of a Play, the Park,
Or indeed any abominable old Ladies,
Where he may hope to see the party, than
A young Wench can *Graves-Inn*-walks, the
First Sunday of her new Gown.

Oliv. What, is this all?

Wild. Not half: ask him to sup, he has business;
Or if he promise, 'tis ten to one he fails, and
If he sees his Mistress, is so transported, that
He forgets to send his Excuse; if he cannot
Find her, and so chance to keep his word,
Sits in such dismal Dumps, that he spoils
The whole Company.

Oliv. And will you be such an Animal for my sake?

Wild. Faith I'm afraid so, but if not well us'd,
I shall find the way home again.

Oliv. Whatever you think, Sir, I shall contribute
No more to the keeping you my Servant,
Than I did to the making you so.

Wild. Well, do but use as proper means to keep
Me your Servant, as you have done to make
Me so, and I am satisfied.

Oliv. Why, what means?

Wild. As your Beauty bred my Affection,
So let your kindeeds nourish it.

Oliv.

Olio. Mr. *Wildish*, you have been so pleasant
Upon this new Argument, that I had
Almost forgot my Visit to *Diana*.

Wild. I'm upon equal terms with you there;
For I have made *Ned Esbridge* and *Harry*
Modish stay this half hour for me
At the French House: and so your Servant. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Althea.

Alth. Under what Tyranny are Women born!
Here we are bid to love, and there to scorn;
As if unfit to be allow'd a part
In choosing him, that must have all our heart;
Or that our liking, like a head-strong beast,
Were made for nothing, but to be oppress'd;
And below them, in this regard we are,
We may not flye the cruelty we fear.
The Horse may shake the Rider from his back,
The Dog his hated Master may forsake;
Yet nothing of their native worth impair,
Nor any conscious sting about them bear.
But if a Virgin an Escape contrive,
She must for ever in dishonour live,
Condemn'd within her self, despis'd of all,
Into worse mischiefs than she fled from, fall.
Duty commands I shou'd *Horatio* wed,
Love does as strongly for *Eugenio* plead;
My mind, distracted thus a storm abides
Like Seas, when winds blow full against their Tides.

Enter Horatio.

Hora. Madam, methinks you look not pleas'd; I fear
My hapless passion did too late appear
For my content; and only now can prove
The wretched Triumph of some elder Love.

But,

But, fair *Althea*, you were much to blame
 With your own breath to blow a hopeless flame;
 Ah! had you to its Childhood been severe,
 As now to its full growth you cruel are,
 'T had dy'd with half that pain it now must bear:
 Young Plants with ease up by the Roots we tear;
 But when well grown, the Ax must be employ'd,
 And they with force and labour are destroy'd.

Alth. Generous *Horatio*, forbear to blame
 Me, as the cruel Author of your pain.
 How cou'd I know that you my Lover were,
 Until your self your passion did declare?
 How had it look'd in me to have complain'd
 Of thoughts, perhaps, you never entertain'd?
 How could I check, alas, those hopes in you,
 Your Heart did never harbour, that I knew?

Hora Not know, *Althea*! why shou'd the same eyes
 So slowly see, so suddenly surprize?
 The very minute I beheld your face,
 You might in mine my growing passion trace.
 Now trembling fear did her pale colour spread,
 Then springing hope brought back the native red:
 Joy may be seen, and grief it self unfold,
 And so may love, though it be never told,
 In every look my passion was confest,
 And every action my high flame exprest.
 As foolish Witnesses their Cause o'rethrow,
 My Arts to hide it, did it clearer show.

Alth. But as fond Parents will not seem to know
 A fault they needs must punish when they do;
 So I at first was loth to see a crime
 In one, I otherwise did so esteem:
 For know, *Horatio*, setting Love apart,
 None than your self is deeper in my Heart;
 Your worth and honour I can value, though
 I no requital to your flame allow.

Hora You can give all things else above their due,
 And yet wrong that which most belongs to you.

Madam,

Madam, these words, sooth with a cruel art
Where I less feel, and wound a mortal part;
With friendship and esteem you strive in vain,
Kind Maid, to ease a Lover of his pain:
For where your Beauty once has rais'd a flame,
To offer less, and nothing, are the same.
Love and Ambition of their aim deny'd,
No other way can e're be satisfi'd.

Alth. You that cou'd faithless to *Victoria* prove,
Methinks shou'd blush even at the name of Love.
Her numerous Charms your loud accusers are,
And call *Horatio* false, as she is fair.

Hora. You shou'd with pity, not displeasure see
The change that your own self creates in me.
The Roman Senate had their greatness worn
Perhaps till now, had *Cæsar* n'er been born.
Darius self cou'd not his Persians blame,
Because that *Alexander* overcame.

In Love like War, some Victor still there grows,
Whose spreading Empire nothing can oppose.

Alth. Countries are fix'd, and cannot flye, although
They apprehend a certain overthrow.
Lovers, the force they can't oppose, might shun,
And may with safety and with honour run.
Who then would pity him that stays to dye,
When Vertue and his Duty bid him flye?

Hora. *Althea*, in Loves wars all Heroes are,
Death does less terrible than flight appear;
As Gamesters, when they lose, still deeper set,
Helping ill Fortune to encrease their debt:
So Lovers, when a Nymph gets half their heart,
Themselves, alas, betray the other part,

Alth. *Victoria's* wrongs my gratitude deter;
Your gifts to me are robberies from her.

Hora. I came at first, *Althea*, 'tis most true
With Love to her, and but Respect to you.
But, ah! how soon within my tortur'd breast
You of each others places are possess!

Alth. Beauty, the wrongs of Beauty shou'd revenge,
And the fair punish, when the faithless change.

Hora. I change *Althea*, but (as pious men
Become blest Saints) never to change agen.

If none your matchless Beauty must adore,
But such alone as never lov'd before,
You do unjustly, and too high advance
In Love th'already too great power of chance :
Since that you shou'd their first affection be,
Let's you their Fortune, not their passion see.

Alth. It lets me see they falshood never knew,
And gives me leave to hope they will be true.

Hora. Sure none can faithless to such Beauty prove ;
He that's in Heaven, can no higher move.

Alth. A Lovers Heaven in his Phanisie lyes,
Which Beauty oft neglects, and oft supplies.

Hora. 'Tis not, *Althea*, that you question mine,
But 'tis *Engenio's* faith does brighter shine ;
'Tis he that makes *Vittoria's* wrong your pain,
My Love a Crime, a Vertue your disdain.
These tales of falshood, and of former Love,
Reproaches only, where we like not, prove.

Alth. *Horatio*, I am glad your dis-respect
Has turn'd so soon to Justice my neglect :
You that reproach me with a former Love,
Your self unfit but for my anger prove. [Exit *Althea*.

Hora. O stay a while ! sure you must joy to see
The torture you're so pleas'd to work in me ;
Not that I hope I shall your pity find,
But that the sight may glut your cruel mind.
Nature inconstant to her own designs,
To a fair form a cruel temper joyns ;
She makes the heedless Lover kneel in vain,
And in Loves Temple, to adore Disdain. [Exit *Horatio*.

Enter Sir Samuel Forecast and Jack Wildish.

Fore When am I to see your fair and wealthy
Cousin, Mr. *Wildish*?

Wild.

Wild. This minute if you please, Sir.

Fore. I doubt you are not stirring in the business,
You do not lay the necessity of marrying
Home enough to her: I might have got
Access ere now else, and our Counsel
Have been drawing the Writings.

Wild. It must be done by degrees: if I shou'd
Have been too forward, it might have
Gaus'd in her a suspicion of my purpose,
And so my worthy Friend Sir *Samuel* have
Come to her upon some prejudice,
Which I wou'd not for half her Fortune.

Fore. Pray, Mr. *Wildish*, is she so concern'd for
Her late Husband as the world talks?

Wild. Ten times more; looks upon his Picture
All day long, as earnestly as if she were
To copy it; since he dy'd, has us'd no Pocket-
Handkerchers, but what was made of his old Shirts,
And wets two a day of 'um with her tears;
Because he dy'd on a Monday, fasts that day
Of the week: takes none into her Service
But *Thomas*, because 'twas his Christian
Name, and has now sent into *Wales* for a
Thomas as *Thomas* to be her Gentleman-usher.

Fore. 'Tis strange she shou'd so affect his name!
What think you then, if you call'd me
Sir *Thomas Forecast*?

Wild. Faith, Sir, what you please; but I think
It will be altogether needless, and if she shou'd
Come to discover it, might spoil all, s'light,
She might mistrust your particular, if she
Shou'd find you put a trick upon her in
Your name.

Fore. Well, I'll be rul'd by you, Mr. *Wildish*,
You know her humour best.

Wild. I can't but think how she'll look upon
Me when I talk to her of another Husband;
But I'll venture, Sir *Samuel*, to serve you.

Come let's away, her House is hard by.

[*They enter the Widows House.*]

Wild. I show the way, Sir.

[*They find her looking upon her Husbands Picture, and does not see 'em.*]

Fore. Excellent woman, she sees us not ! O the Endless treasure of a virtuous Wife !
It extends even to our memories, and Pictures.

[*Wildish goes up, and speaks to her.*]

Wild. Madam, here is Sir Samuel Forecast.
Come to wait on you.

Wild. Sir, I hope you'll pardon me, if I have
Let my grief employ any part of that time
Which was due to my acknowledgment for
This favour ; you were my Husbands friend,
And as such will ever be most welcome to me ;
And though his too scrupulous kindness allow'd
Me not the acquaintance, scarce the sight of
Any man ; yet I did always place a value
Where he gave his esteem, especially,
So highly as he did to you.

Fore. Madam, I am much bound to you for your
Good opinion, and come to condole with you :
Your Husband was an honest, prudent, and a
Wealthy Gentleman, kept good hours, and even
Reckonings, lov'd me well, and we have drank
Many a Dish of Coffee together.

Wild. Sir, whilst you repeat his virtues, you do
But count my loss, and telling me how good
He was, makes me but more sensibly want him.

Fore. He and I were just of an age, and when
We were Boys, of a strength.

Wild. And what of that, Sir ?

Wild. Why, Cousin, it makes me think that Sir
samuel wou'd make as loving a Husband
To you, as your last was, and I'll swear it
Troubles me heartily to see my pretty Coz.

Here

Here not yet out of danger of smooth-fact
 Younger Brothers, such as marry Wives only
 To keep Wenches, and never bring 'um to Town
 But to pass away some part of their Estates.

Fore. Some such there are; but Heaven blefs the
 Estate, and Widow of my good Friend your
 Husband out of such hands.

Wild. Now I have brought you together,
 I'll leave you; Cousin, you are not afraid to
 Be left alone with Sir *Samuel*? [Exit.

Wid. I know his Vertue, and my own too well.

Fore. Don't you find, Madam, business very troublesome?

Wid. I do indeed, and have the misfortune to be
 Involv'd in it.

Fore. Have you many Law-suits?

Wid. But one considerable, which being with
 A man in power, in these corrupt times,
 A Woman unfriended and unknown as I am,
 Must expect to lose.

Fore. Of what value?

Wid. Five thousand pounds: I shall have enough
 Left however, to make me happy with a man
 That loves me.

Fore. Enough left! such another word wou'd
 Make me forswear, not only thee but thy
 Whole Sex; five thousand pounds well dispos'd,
 Why I tell thee, 'tis able to procure us Judgments
 On half the young Prodigals of this Age; thou
 And I might live comfortably on the forbearance
 Money, and let the Interest run on.

Wid. I did but put the worst, not that I doubt my
 Title, if I have common Justice.

Fore. No, thou shalt secure thy Title, I am a
 Near Kinsman to the Judge, and a by-way to
 His favour.

Wid. How do you mean?

Fore. Why I have many times bought a thousand
 Pounds worth of other mens Lands of him
 For a hundred.

Wid.

Wid. I wou'd not corrupt Justice for a world.

Fore. What agen Widow? nay then I perceive

Thou do'st it on purpose to lose my heart;

But to say truth, it were unreasonable

To expect thy tender years thou'd understand

The true worth of money, so far, that for its sake

To trample on those unprofitable and foolish principles

The honourable Beggars of former times govern'd their

Lives by: But thou wilt one day know, that

Age hath its beauties too, as well as youth, and

More univerſally ador'd.

Wid. Gravity and Wiſdom, Sir, I know men may

Expect, but our Sex has no pretence to them.

Fore. No, wealth and power, Widow, which awe the grave

And wife; Gold and Silver are the best red and white;

The other, every Milk-Maid may boast equal with

A Countess.

*Enter Sir John Everyong, Modish, and Estridge, with
Fiddles Playing.*

Wid. What rude fellow's that?

Ever. Hold, let's parlee first.

[*To the Musick.*]

Faith, Widow, one that loves you but too well.

Wid. Love me! upon what acquaintance? I n'ere

Saw your face before in my days.

Ever. And do'st thou like it now?

Wid. Not so well as your self, you may be confident.

Ever. All this shan't cross my honest purpose, I

Came in meer charity to prevent thy ruine;

And if thou be'st not lost to all sense and reason,

Nay, even all natural appetite, I'll do't.

Wid. I know no ruine near, this is the worst

Accident has befalln me a good while.

Ever. Hear me but out, and thou shalt bleſs it;

Canst thou be such a Traytor to flesh and blood,

As to count it nothing to be join'd to that old Trunk

There? if he encrease or multiply, it

Must

Must be thy Bags ; Interest, and Broakage
Are his best Instruments.

Wid. You don't consider that all this might be
As well apply'd to your sweet self.

Ever. Yes, most properly, why 'tis that makes me
Hate Matrimony, and puts me at distance
With, To have and to hold ; I confess my Tick
Is not good, and I never desire to Game for more than
I have about me. Now second me.

Mod. The minute you marry, Widow, you are
Not worth a Groat, all is your Husbands ;
And if hereafter you shall come to a sence
Of your unequal choice, and endeavour to
Repair it in some young and worthy friend ;
The old Gentleman takes pet, turns you over
To a tedious sute for Alimony, which your
Friend furnishes you with money to follow,
For a while, and in time grows weary of it
Himself.

Estr. Then like an old Gamester, that has lost all
He has upon the square, your only way is
To turn Rook and play upon advantage.

Wid. Why, do you know these Gentlemen ?

Fore. I, to my shame, the Ring-leader of 'um is my
Brother, there is no remedy but patience.

Wid. Gentlemen, you talk at a strange rate
For the first time ; but whom ever I marry
My vertue will secure him of my constancy.

Mod. Pray Madam, don't prophane that honourable
Name ; 'tis meer obstinacy to an old man,
A fault methinks you have too ingenuous a
Countenance to be guilty of.

Ever. If thou should'st be so improvident, as to
Neglect the comfort of a Gallant, thou'lt never
'Scape the scandal, having such a Husband.

Mod. If you are precise, Madam, they'le give you
Your Chaplain ; if you love business, your
Lawyer ; if you keep a Gentleman-Usher,

You

You are undone,

Estr. If you take some honest Gentleman
(Which by my troth I think is your best
Course) upon the first hard journey, as the world
Goes now, 'tisten to one he falls lame of an
Old bruise.

Wid. You are very tender of my credit, if you
Had been as careful, Gentlemen, of your own
Sobriety, I fear I had mist all this good Counsel.

Ever. O! are you edified? it is good counsel then,
And for the warmth that ripen'd us to this care
Of thee, be thankful, and enquire no further.
But Brother, methinks you are over-serious
For a man that comes a Sutering.

Wid. He does not find your mirth take so well.

Enter Wildish apart.

Wild. 'Slight here's Sir John Everyong, he'll spoil
All, if I don't take him off instantly.

[*Wild. goes out, and brings in three of the
Widows Maids.*

Fore. Brother, Brother, these frolicks do you
No right in the eye of the World.

Ever. Hang the world, give me the pretty black-eye
Of the Widdow. [*A Song.*

Wild. Gentlemen, here's work for you.

Ever. A mufs, a mufs!

You see, *Wildish*, we found the House, though
You wou'd not tell us where it was, 'tis
Dangerous to give a hint to men of our parts.
Brother, take your Widdow, show her that
You are so far qualified towards a Bridegroom,
As to lead a Country Dance.

Wid. I'll have no dancing in my House.

Fore. You see they are a little merry, humor 'um
In this, they'll be gone the sooper.

Wid. Well, Sir *Samuel Forecast*, any thing

To serve you.

[*They Dance, and Forecast steals away.*]

Mod. Sir *Samuel* gone?

Ever. Faith then the sport's at the best, let's all be gone:

Farewel Widow, I have done my part, if

Thou fallest now, say thou hadst fair warning.

[*Ex. omnes.*]

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Enter Eugenio, and Philander.

Eng. **D**ear friend, I am in doubt whether I shall
This scape, a blessing, or misfortune, call.

Since now I live to hear, *Althea* must

Be to her Duty, or to me unjust.

Ye Powers that were so kind, my life to spare,

Oh why was not my Love as much your care?

You sav'd my life, that I might live to feel

Despair can wound as mortally as Steel.

My cause till now my antidote has been,

'Gainst all the mischief it cou'd plunge me in;

The strictest Prison; I have freedom thought,

And been on Scaffolds without terror brought,

But these few words (*Althea* is a Bride)

More wound my Soul, than can the world beside.

Phil. Why does *Eugenio* Fancies entertain,

That are *Althea's* wrongs, and his own pain?

Like Boys, who in the dark, strange shapes create

In their own brain, themselves to tremble at:

Despair's the portion of the damn'd below,

And in a generous mind shou'd never grow.

Trust to *Althea's* virtue, trust her love,

And you will safe in either of improve.

F

Eng.

Eng. But sure no friend cou'd so my quiet hate,
As this Report, of nothing, to create,

Phil. Perhaps her Father does no less intend,
And she, a while, her Answer may suspend.
Not that her vertue doubts, what it shall do,
But that she may gain time to speak with you:
Every black Cloud does not with Thunder swell,
Nor every symptom a Disease foretell.

Some storms blow over; though thy Fate appear
Thus gloomy now, anon it may be clear.

Eng. It may, but who can unconcerned be,
A Tempest heard, and his whole wealth at Sea? A
I with more ease all other harms cou'd bear,
Than of *Althea's* loss but simply hear.

Phil. All that we hear, we are not to believe.

Eng. Our hopes do often, than our fears deceive.

Phil. The advantage man o're Beasts in Reason gets
He pays with interest in fond conceits;
They cannot fear misfortune till it fall,
And when 'tis gone remember 't not at all:
But man 'gainst his own Rest in Battel plac'd,
Feels mischiefs e're they come, and when they repast
The smiles of Fortune you so false have found,
Methinks, you shou'd not mind her when she frown'd:
How wou'd *Althea's* Vertues grieve to find
Themselves suspected in *Eugenio's* mind!
Like Princes murder'd on the Royal Throne,
Where 'till that minute they had brightest shone.

Eng. Sure my *Althea* cannot disapprove
These fears that spring but from excess of love.
Of love and courage none too much can share.

Phil. But 'tis their use, that does their worth declare:
Courage, when brutal, ceases to be brave,
And love, grown jealous, can no merit have.

Eng. A higher mark of love there cannot be,
We doubt no Lover, whom we jealous see.

Phil. So Fevers are of life sure proofs we know,
And yet our lives they often overthrow;

Diseases,

Diseases, though well cur'd, our bodies mar,
And fears, although remov'd, our loves impair;
True love, like health, should no disorder know.

Eng. But who, alas! such love, or health can show?
Our passions, like our selves, are fram'd to dye,
And have still something they must petish by;
We none (brave friend) for being hapless blame,
But all allow, 'tis baseness to be tame;
He that has rais'd this Tempest in my mind,
Shall in the Billows his own ruine find;
I'll fight him instantly, and make him know,
I am not more his Rival than his Foe.

Phil. Thy life, alas (dear friend) 's no longer thine.
Thou hast engag'd it in a brave design:
Thy bleeding Country, and thy Princes Right,
Are th' only Quarrels that thy Sword shou'd fight,
If you into the Tyrant's hands shou'd fall,
'Twou'd pull a sudden ruine on us all,
Which, if you stir, we may have cause to fear,
Since Tyrants Eyes and Hands are every where.

Eng. Now thou hast touch'd me in the tendrest part,
Though Love possess, Honour must rule my heart;
My Nation's Fate's too great a Sacrifice
For me to make, though to *Althea's* Eyes;
No, I am calm'd, and happy am to have
A friend so full of temper when I rave,
And hope the gods, whilst I my own neglect,
To fight their Quarrel, will my Love protect. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Victoria and Olivia.

Vi&. Sister, I doubt we are a little too free with
Our Servants, this *Modish*, and his friend
Efridge: few Plays gain Audience by being
In Print, and fewer women get Husbands by
Being too much known.

Oliv. But ours are most accomplish'd Mounseurs,
Must be assaulted on all parts, 're they 'le yield;
Must have their Ears charm'd as well as Eyes:
'Twere ill husbandry in a Mercer to be thrifty
In his Patterns, it often disparages a good stuff;
And too great reserv'dness in one of us, especially
At the first, might give a discouragement to our
Further Acquaintance.

viſ. Now might I have my wish, I wou'd come
All new, nay my voice and name shou'd not
Be known; where I wou'd be lik'd, I wou'd have
The few Charms I am Mistress of, make their
Assault at an instant, all at one time:
For sure *Horatio* did their power subdue,
By conquering one, e're he another knew.

Oliv. Fye Sister, think no more of him; but to the
Matter in hand, whoever caught any thing
With a naked hook? nothing venture, nothing
Win, and for my part I am resolv'd to allow
All innocent liberty; this Matrimony is a
Pill will scarce down with a young man
Without gilding; let *Estridge* believe I am
In love with him, and when he leaves me,
He'll find I am not.

Enter to them Wildish.

Wild. So he will, when he marries you, or I am
Deceiv'd, Madam.

viſ. What, turn'd Eaves-Dropper, Mr. *wildish*?

Wild. No Ladys, but your heads are so taken up with
These Heirs Apparent, that you can't see a
Younger Brother when he comes into the Room.

Oliv. Not when our backs are towards him, but
Otherwise as an elder, any where, but before
A Parson.

Wild. You are in the right; Jointure, and allowance
For Cloaths, have clearly got the better of, Dear

Madam,

Madam, I consider not your Portion, but your Person; give your Estate where you please; So you will but settle your affection upon me, My Fate depends upon your Answer; and the like Artillery of unlarded Lovers: But I never Repine at that, for fine Women, like great Tables, though they are maintain'd by men Of Fortunes, are ever open to men of parts.

Oliv. Why now, *Wildish*, you talk like your self Agen; ever since I saw you last, I have Been in most terrible apprehension of a Whining Copy of Verses.

Wild. Expectation you mean, Madam, but 'tis Not come to that yet; though I talk a little Extravagantly when I see you, I am not so Through-pact a Lover, but I can express My self in Prose.

Wild. But you, being a new Convert, can't give Too many marks of your Devotion: and I shou'd Mistrust I were not as I ought to be in my Servant's heart, if I did not run sometimes In his head, and then Verses follow infallibly.

Wild. Faith, Madam, that's much as the head lyes, There are some you may search every cranny Over, and not find three Rimes; very good Lovers too; and to say truth, 'tis unreasonable. A man shou'd be put to seek fresh words To express that to his Mistress, which has Been as well said already by some body else; I think 'tis very fair if he set his hand To't, and that I am ready to do to the most Passionate Copy of Verses you can find.

Oliv. How much Love and Constancy Will you engage for then?

Wild. As much as you can find in that Paper there.

He gives a Paper to Olivia, she gives it to Victoria.

Oliv. Sister, here read um, I shall put the Accent

In the wrong place, 'Rop out of time, or
One mischief or other, and so put my poor
Servant into an Agony.

Viſt. To a very young Lady.

Reads the Title.

Oliv. That's I, *Wildish*: come, you have been
Dabbling; proceed, Sister, I fear 'um not, I have
No more pity on a Rhyming Lover, than on
A Beggar that begs in a Tone.

Viſt. Are not these Verses somewhat
Too weak to allone ?

Wild. Faith, Madam, I am of your mind, put a
Tune to 'um, 'tis an easie Stanza.

Victoria sings.

*Ab Cloris! that I now could sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your Infant Beauty cou'd beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.*

2.

*When I the Dawn w'd to admire,
And prais'd the coming day;
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my Rest away.*

3.

*Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine,
Age from no face took more away,
Than Youth conceal'd in thine.*

4.

*But as your Charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond Love as unperceiv'd did flye,
And in my Bosom rest.*

5.

*My passion with your Beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart.*

Each

6.

*Each glori'd in their wanton parts,**To make a Lover be**Emplay'd the utmost of his Art,**To make a Beauty be*

7.

*Though now I slowly bend to love**Uncertain of my Fate,**If your fair self my Chains approve,**I shall my freedom hate.*

8.

*Lovers, like dying men, may well**At first disorder'd be,**Since none alive can truly tell**What Fortune they must see.**Enter a Servant:**Serv. There's an old Gentleman below in a Chair**Enquires for Mr. Wildish, as fine as an Emperour,**My Master Sir John is no body to him; as he**Peep'd through the glass, I thought it was Sir**Samuel Forecast.**Vic. It is impossible it shou'd be he.**Wild. Yes faith it is Ladies, I am privy to the plot.**Oliv. Good Mr. Wildish bring him up,**I wou'd give any thing to see him.**Wild. Do you step into that Closet then; for I**Must swear the Coast is clear: set the door a**Little open, and you may see him perfectly,**His Bravery on my word is not design'd**For this place, and he is so politick, that**He will think your seeing him may be**A prejudice to his design.**Wildish goes out and brings in**Sir Samuel Forecast.**Wild. Sir Samuel, now you shine indeed; my**Cousin will be ravish'd to see you transform**Your*

Your self thus for her sake.

Fore. She is a tender piece, and though her discretion Helps her to conceal it, in her heart cannot But love a little Bravery; I have two Laces In a Seam more than my Brother *Everyyoung*; And a Yard more in my Cravat.

Wild. Nay, you are most exact, and in this dress Methinks not unlike Sir *John*.

Fore. I came only to show my self to you, and Am for my Widow presently; shall I have Your Company?

Wild. I have a little business here, but I'll Be with you by that time you are there, I see You came in a Chair.

Fore. Do you think I had a mind to have the Boys Follow me in the streets? pray be secret, Mr.

Wildish, for I wou'd have no body know I am In this Dress, but your self, and your fair Cousin, For a world: and therefore I will make haste From hence, do you follow me according To your promise. [Exit.

Wild. I shall, Sir *Samuel*.

Oliv. I never saw a City-Bridegroom so friz'd, So lac'd, so perfum'd, and so powder'd in my life.

Viſ. I think verily he was painted too, I vow I shou'd not have known his Worthip, if You had not given us a hint of his Bravery before.

Wild. Well, I must recover my old Knight: Farewel Ladies.

Oliv. Pray be here anon, and give us an account Of this Adventure.

Viſ. Certainly it must be very pleasant.

Wild. I shall obey you, Ladies. [Exit *Wildish*.

Enter Everyyoung, Victoria, and Olivia laughing.

Ever. Hey-day! what, are the Girls mad?

Viſ. No, Sir, but I think my Uncle *Forecast's* Little better.

Ever.

Ever. Why, what of him?

Oliv. He is, Sir, at this time the greatest Spark in London, drest so like you, that if his condition Requir'd it, I shou'd think, Sir, he were going To a Scrivener to personate you for a good Sum.

Ever. Well, I'll handsel his new Cloaths, and put him As much out of conceit with Bravery as ever He was in his life. Boy, call in the three Apprentices were brought before me for breaking Windows last night.

Enter three Prentices.

I suppose, young men, you wou'd not scruple At a small piece of service to the man that Shou'd procure your Liberties.

Omn. Free us, and command us any thing.

Ever. Well then follow me, and when I show You a certain Chair, take the Gentleman Out of it, and cudgel him; I'll be at a little Distance, and if you want help, be ready to Assist you: be sure you call him *Sir John Everyyoung*, and tell him of a Lady he affronted.

1 Pren. We shall call him what you please, Sir, And beat him as much as you please.

Exit Victoria and Olivia.

SCENE changes.

Forecast coming by in his Chair.

Ever. That's the Chair.

They take out Forecast, and Cudgel him.

Fore. If you have humanity, if you had Women To your Mothers, be more merciful, Gentlemen, I never injur'd you, nor saw any Of you in my life.

Pren. I perceive, *Sir John Everyyoung*, you have Forgot the affront you did a Lady last night.

Fore. What affront, Sir, what Lady?

G

Pren.

Pren. The affront, Sir, was a great affront, and
The Lady, a great Lady, that thinks fit to
Have you beaten for't.

Fore. You mistake, Gentlemen, you mistake;
For as I am a true Servant to the State,
I never did kindness or injury to any Lady
Since I was in Commission.

2 Pren. A true Servant to the State, and a man in
Authority ! he shall have three kicks more for that.

Enter Estridge and Modish.

Estr. What, three upon one ! who's he be,
The Cause becomes a Gentleman :
Let's rescue him at all adventures.

They draw, the Prentices run away.

Fore. *Estridge* and *Modish* ! nay then I am utterly
Undone, I have only scap'd a little more
Beating, to be laugh'd at as long as I live.

Estr. Sir, we are very happy that our occasions
Led us this way, since it has given us an
Opportunity of serving a Gentleman,
Especially oppress'd by odds.

Fore. I shall take some other time, if you will
Let me know where to wait on you, to give
You thanks for this your seasonable
Assistance : now Gentlemen, my hurts
Require a Chirurgeon.

He offers to go away.

Mod. Nay, Sir, take your Hat and Sword along
With you ; there they be. [*He looks a little*
I never heard any man speak so *for 'um.*]
Like Sir *Samuel Forecast* in my life.

Estr. But he is dress'd very like *Everyyoung*,
A meer medly between the two Brothers ;
But we'll see who he is before we go.

Mod. Have you receiv'd any hurt in your
Face, that you cover it with your Handkercher ?

Fore. A slight one only.

Estr.

Estr. I have Sympathy-powder about me, if
You will give me your handkercher while
The blood is warm, will cure it immediately.

Modish snatches it off, and discovers him.

Estr. Sir, *Samuel Forecass*! why do you hide your
Self thus from your friends? we expected
Nothing for our pains, neither is your
Hurt so dangerous, but it might endure the Air.

Mod. Methinks you shou'd rather have hid
Your self from your Enemies: but, Sir
Samuel, whatever the matter is, I never
Saw a man so fine in all my life.

Fore. Now the Broakers take all fine Cloaths,
And the Gaol all that love'um; they have
Help't me to fine beating.

Estr. Why do you think the Rogues wou'd have
Had more mercy on your high crown'd Hat,
Black Cap, and Boots?

Fore. No, but they took me for my Brother
Everyyoung, who it seems, has lately affronted
A Lady, and I suffer for it.

Mod. The best advice we can give you, is to
Go home and shift, for fear of more mishaps.

Estr. Farewel, Sir *Samuel*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Mulberry-Garden.*

Enter Jack Wildish.

Wild. I Was to blame no earlier to use my self
To these Women of Honour, as they call'um;
For now like one that never practis'd swimming,
Upon the first occasion I am lost: there are men
Would have fool'd with *Olivia*, and fool'd her too
Perhaps by this time, without ever ingaging

In one serious thought : your good Fencer always
 Thrusts in Guard, he's but a Novice that receives
 Hit for hit : this *Modish* and *Estridge*, I know
 Not what to make of their continual Visits,
 Methinks Love and Jealousie come too quick
 Upon a man in one day.

Enter Modish and Estridge.

Here come the men, they are open enough to
 Let me know all at large ; but I wou'd fain
 Contrive it, that the Ladies might be witnessess
 Of their Servants most invincible secrecy :
 I'll steal off e're I am seen, and think on't.

*Enter Victoria and Olivia, as he goes,
 out he meets 'um.*

Wild. Slip into that Arbour, Ladies, and trust me
 For once for a quarter of an hours diversion.

Oliv. Pray, Sister, let us go, he has somewhat in
 His head, I'm confident.

*He puts them into an Arbour, and
 meets Modish in a Walk.*

Wild. Your Servant, *Modish.*

Mod. O your Servant !

Estr. Your Servant, Mr. *Wildish.*

Wild. What, is there store of Game here, Gentlemen?

Mod. Troth little, or none, a few Citizens that
 Have brought their Children out to air 'um,
 And eat Cheese-cakes.

Wild. I thought this place had bin so full of
 Beauties, that like a Pack of Hounds in a Hare-
 Warren, you cou'd not hunt one for another :
 What think you of an Arbour and a Bottle of Rhenish?

Wildish brings 'um to the next Arbour to the Ladies.

Estr. I like the motion well.

Wild. And how go the Ladies ? will they go abroad
 Alone ? are they come to kissing yet ?

Estr. What Ladies ?

Wild. Why Sir *Johns* Daughters, the Ladies.

Mod. You are merry, Mr. *Wildish.*

wild.

Wild. I should be so indeed, if it were with me
As it is with you, Gentlemen, that have two
Such fine Women in love with you, and every
Night sitting up together till morning.

Mod. I go only to entertain *Victoria* in meer
Friendship to *Ned Estridge*; 'tis he that is the
Happy man.

Estr. 'Tis a part of friendship that you discharge
Very willingly, and very effectually, for
Sometimes we see neither of you in an hour;
And then you return, exclaiming against the
Heat of the weather, and cruelty of your Mistress.

Wild. What, that she kept him a little too hard:
To't, or so?

Mod. Fye, *Wildish*, they are women of honour.

Wild. Well, here's their health, to mak'um amends.
And, faith they lose none with me, in being
Civil to an honest Gentleman, 'tis the only
Wealth is left poor women to exercise
Their good nature with: A friend at Court may
Get you a place, a General of an Army give
You an Employment, a Bishop a Church-Living,
And a fair Lady a good turn; every one in their
Way, and I hold him ungrateful that burys
An obligation of any sort in silence: besides
'Twere meer robbery to your friends, not to
Let u'm rejoyce in your good fortune.

Mod. But say I have made a vow to the contrary;
Not that there is, or ever was, any such good
Fortune; and womens favours, like the gifts
Of Fairies, if once spoke of, vanish.

Wild. O your Servant, what say you *Estridge*?
Are you under a vow too, or are the favours
You have receiv'd, yet, only such as the hope
Of further obliges you to secrecy for a while?
But you are so serious, I doubt you intend
To commit matrimony.

Estr. Not as long as I can have simple forni-

Cation for love or money: I am not for those Ladies that deal by whole-sale, a bit off the Spit serves my turn as well as the whole Joint, And methinks has a prettier relish.

Wild. That is, metaphorically saying, you have Sped with your Mrs.---my service [Drinks to him.]

To you, remembering the Bit off the Spit. And how, is she buxom? does she think happiness Consists in motion, or in rest? what Sect of Philosophers is she of?

Estr. A *Pythagorean*; I, Sir, in all these cases say Nothing.

Wild. Nay, you had as good speak out now, and Make me your confident.

Modish takes Estridge aside.

Mod. *Jack Wildish* is an honest fellow, 'tis not a Pins matter what we say to him; and they are Two of the prettiest women in Town: it sounds Handsomly, to Boast some familiarity, you Understand me: he knows 'um not, and will Never find us out; I'll begin with him----

I wonder, *Wildish*, we could never get you along With us; the Ladies have not vow'd virginity, They are no such Bugbears as you take 'um for.

Wild. I take 'um for honest women, or which is E'ne as bad, pretenders to it.

Estr. There is no harm in pretending to it, that Like a high price, only serves to keep off Ill Company.

Wild. Yes, yes, I know what kind of cattel they are, Well enough, there's no having a simple Kiss Amongst 'um without a journey into the Country; nor getting 'um abroad without a Sister, Or a Cousin at least, and then they must be at Home too by ten a Clock, have the Syllabubs, and Tarts, brought into the Coach to 'um; drink more

Sugar

Sugar than wine, and so foul all the Glasses, put
You to four or five pound charge, and let you
See nothing but themselves, that's man's meat
For't; I have been once or twice plagu'd
With such Animals as these.

Mod. Can'st thou imagine, *Wildish*, we wou'd fool
Away our time with such shadows of women
As thou describ'st? we have solid and substantial
Pleasures.

Wild. What? a Riband, or a lock of hair, I warrant.

Mod. No, two young juicy Girls, that stick as
Close to us, as the Bark to the tree, and part as
Unwillingly from us, as green fruit does from the
Stone; and all this through the reputation of sober
And discreet Servants to their pleasure: If such
A scandalous fellow as thou come into the House
Without our introduction, the Ladies wou'd cry out,
O my Honour! as far as they cou'd see thee.

Wild. Methinks, Sir *John Everyoung* (an old smell-
Smock as he is) shou'd take the alarm, and so
Remove these so juicy Girls.

Estr. I hope you don't think we mean his Daughters
All this while? (that were a trick indeed)
We speak of two Ladies that shall be nameless.

Wild. Faith, Gentlemen, I can speak of none such,
For all my acquaintance have two or three
Names apiece, I assure you.

Mod. Well *Jack*, to return your civility in
The last health you began, here's to all those
Incomparable Ladies, that like Roman
Conquerors have two or three names
Apiece: But if thou wou'dst leave this
Rambling, thou wou'dst lose nothing by it;
There's as hard drinking in Gentlemens Houses
Now adays, as at Taverns, and as hot service
In many a Ladys Chamber, as at *Giffords*.

Wild. But how shou'd a man do to get into
Reputation? there are your men of fashion,

As well as Stuffs, and they go out again no body
Knows how.

Mod. 'Tis true, in the first place you must shake
Hands with your old friends, *Hoquemore* and
Burgundy for a while; leave you *Chaste Ling*,
And *La-fromds*, dine with my Lord such a
One one day, my Lady what do you call 'um another;
And be sure to talk on it in the next Company
You come into, drink Wine and Water at Table,
A Dish of Tea after Dinner, like nothing but
What is French, before the Ladies; lose your money
Very much like a Gentleman to 'um in the Afternoon,
And the work's done.

Wild. This is a hard Chapter.

Estr. If thou knew'st once the pleasure of such a
Sprightly Girl as *Olivia*, the kind quarrels,
The fondness, the pretty sullenness after a
Little absence, which must be charm'd out
Of it with Kisses, and those thousand other
Devices that make a Lovers happiness; thou
Wou'dst think all this as easie, as lying a bed in
The Country in a wet morning.

Mod. Or, if he cou'd but see *Victoria's* reservedness
A little mollifi'd, and brought to hand with a good
Supper and the Fiddles.

Estr. Or *Olivia* in her morning dress, with her Guittar,
Singing to it most enticingly, and then askind in
Her discourse, her little breasts swelling and pouting
Out, as if they came half way to be Kist.

Mod. Or the others haughty look melted into smiles,
The pretty combat of pride and pleasure in her
Face, at some certain times.

Estr. My Mistress is in the very spring of beauty.

Mod. And mine in the Midsummer of perfection.

Estr. Mine is——

Wild. Nay Gentlemen, one at once, and no quarrelling
I beseech you; you are happy men both, and have
Reason to be in love with your sweet lives, but I

Thought

Thought *Victoria* had so obstinately doted on Her old Servant *Horatio*, that there had been More hope of winning a Widow at her Husbands Funeral, than of any favour from her now.

Mod. People will be talking, but on my word she'l N'ere break her heart for *Horatio*; I and my Fellow-labourer, Time, have done his business.

Wild. You are the great Masters of your Art, these Are the two Beauties, that the whole Town runs mad after.

Estr. We know it, we know it, and it is no small part of our felicity, to have that Lord send his Coach and six to carry 'um to the Park; this Gentleman offering to play at Angel-beast with 'um, though he scarce know the Cards, and has no more visible Estate than what he may lose at a sitting: third begging to give 'um the four and twenty Violins, which his Father in the Country hears of and disinherits for, whilst the Ladies put 'um off with some slight Excuses, and send the whole Town over after us.

Wild. You have 'um it seems in most excellent order.

Mod. O there's no true pleasure but in your person of quality, the others love all men so well, They can love none best: they are indeed (Like your more generous Creatures) somewhat Hard to tame, but I have seen a Lyon as Gentle as an Ox: time and industry will do Any thing.

Estr. Come, drink a Glass round.

Mod. I can't get down a drop of this Wine more Without a Frolick.

Wild. Every man name the woman that has Oblig'd him last, and drink all their Healths in a Brimmer.

Mod. Content, begin *Estridge*.

Estr. *Olivia*: now, *Modish*, name yours.

Mod. *Victoria*, *Victoria*: we must have

H

Your

You person too, *Wildish*.

Wild. Mrs. *Betty*.

Mod. *Betty* what?

Wild. Nay faith, I can go no further, and may
Very well be mistaken in that too.

Estr. Here's a Lock of Hair, shall I dip it for one
Glass more?

Wild. Whose is it first?

Estr. *Olivia's*, whose shou'd it be? black as Jet,
And shining as her Eyes : here's her Picture
Too in little.

(*Wildish steps a little aside, and looks upon it.*)

Wild. O Impudence! his Sisters Picture, he forgot
He shou'd me a month ago; this lock of
Hair, produc't so confidently, frighted me
A little, till I saw the colour.

Enter to them Snappum.

Snap. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for pressing
Thus rudely into your Company; but the business
Concerns no less than all my Fortunes: I
Have been long a Suitor to a rich Widow, and have
At last prevail'd with her to marry me suddenly.

Estr. What is that to us, Sir?

Snap. *Wildish*, you'll I hope make my Excuse to
Your friends: coming into the Garden about
Half an hour ago, I lost a Bracelet of her
Hair, wrought with her own hands, so that
There is no deceiving her with a counterfeit:
A Waiter here tells me, he saw one of you
Take up such a thing.

Wild. Is this it?

Estr. That's mine, and compos'd of hair so dear
To me, that I would fight with *Heſtor*, the top
Of your order, for least of 'um.

Snap. And I with *Hercules* for mine: but
Pray Mr. *Wildish*, let me see it; if it be that I look
For, nobody will quarrel for't, for 'tis full
Of gray hairs, I assure you.

Wild.

Wild. Shall he see it?

Estr. No.

Wild. I'll make bold for once though.

Snap. 'Tis my old Woman's.

[*Shows it him.*]

Wild. By the mark I'll swear, for 'tis as grizl'd

As a Silver-hair'd Rabbit; I may venture to
Let him have it, *Estridge*, I suppose, mayn't I?

Estr. Yes, yes, now I remember me, I sent mine
To have a new string put to it.

*Snappum goes off, Wildish follows
him a little way.*

Wild. Adieu, *Snappum*.

Snap. Are any of these Gentlemen good Bubbles,
Mr. Wildish?

Wild. What do I know, you had best ask 'um.

Snap. No, I thank you, Sir, I can be satisfied
On easier terms; but you were always a Lover
Of ingenuity, pray tell me.

Wild. Away, away. [*Exit Snap. Wild. returns.*]

I'm sorry your Mistress has gray hairs so young,
I doubt you are not kind to her, *Estridge*.

Mod. Nay, *Wildish*, don't insult upon a mistake.

*Estridge is out of Countenance, and looking up and
down, sees the women in the next Arbour.*

Estr. I think we have neighbours in the next
Arbour, and fine women they seem to
Be in their Masks.

Mod. Let's entertain 'um--- what Ladies, come a
Padding for Hearts here in your Vizards?

A pretty device to make a man in Love

With he can't tell who.

Estr. What, rob us of our Liberties without one
Word? not so much as stand and deliver?

Oliv. If we shou'd rob you of your Hearts,
Gentlemen, 'twere but petty Larceny, *Victoria*
And *Olivia* wou'd never send Hue and Cry after us.

Mod. You know us, Madam.

Oliv. Yes, Gentlemen, some what better than

We did this morning, though I always
Suppos'd no less.

Estr. Than what?

Oliv. Than that you were the vainest Coxcombs
In the whole Town, Fellows that wou'd hate
A woman that were kind to you, because she
Takes from you the pleasure of belying her.

Estr. *Olivia*?

Oliv. The very same, Sir, whose Picture you have
In your Pocket, and about whose Hair you
Had like to have quarrell'd so manfully but now;
Who sends all the Town after you, and puts
Others off with flight Excuses; the obliging
Lady, whose health you drank by that name.

Estr. 'Twas another *Olivia* I meant, one
I knew abroad.

Viç. And another *Viçoria* that you meant, *Mod.*

Mod. Right, right, my Landladies Daughter
At the *Cheval d'Or*, since gone into a Monastery.

Oliv. The Daughters of a French *Everyyoung*,
I warrant too.

Estr. *La Jeunesse* was their Father, which is
All one with *Everyyoung* in English.

Mod. On our Honours, Ladies, we were ever most
Tender of your dear Credits, and are heartily
Sorry out Mistresses light to be of your names.

Oliv. Pray will you do me favour to let
Me see my Picture, I'm confident 'tis very
Like me.

Estr. Your French Name-sakes you mean, Madam;
That *mal adroit Wildish* let it fall and broke
The Crystal, and I sent it just now away
To have a new one put to it, as I hope to be
Sav'd, Madam.

Mod. But, Madam, cou'd you think me so
Senseless, as discourse of you at that rate?
Here's *Jack Wildish* has heard us speak of
These Wenches a hundred times.

Wild.

Wild. 'Slight, these fellows *[Wildish apart.]*
Will lye themselves into credit again, if
I han't a care of 'um instantly: Gentlemen,
I understand no winks, the few lyes I'll
Venture upon I am resolv'd to keep for my
Own use.

Estr. Prithee *Wildish* help us but this once.

Wild. No, no, go on, methinks you are in a
Very fair way; I am a stranger, the Ladies
Won't mind what I say.

Olio. Yes, yes, we'll take your word.

Wild. Why then, Ladys, I assure you upon the Honour
Of a Gentleman, and by my friendship to those
Worthy persons, I dare answer, they are too
Much Servants, to discourse so long of any
Thing but your selves: and for the French women
You know as much of 'um as I, having never
Heard tittle of 'um till this minute.

vid. You have brought a very sufficient
Witness with you Gentlemen, we do
Believe him.

Mod. Ours is not the first good cause has been lost
By ill Witnesses: but I perceive, Ladys, you
Don't know *Jack Wildish*, he is the verriest
Droll in the whole Town; has a hundred
Of these fetches.

Estr. Pox on't, thou mayst bring all off yet. *[To Wildish ap.]*

Wild. Faith my conscience won't give me leave
To deceive a Lady in a friends behalf, *[alc.]*
To do it now, and in my own is all I can
Obtain of it. *[Estridge comes up to Wildish]*

Estr. 'Sdeath, Sir——

Wild. Nay *Estridge*, no huffing, you know I
Mind it not, and 'tis uncivil to fright your
Mistresses.

Mod. But that we are two to one, and scorn
Advantages, you shou'd not carry it off thus.

Wild. I shou'd be more afraid if you were

Three to one: but some other time for these matters.

Oliv. Never blame *Wildish*, we were all the While in the next Arbour, so that if he had Taken your Cue never so ready, 't had done You little service.

Viſ. Gentlemen, this matter will bear no more Raillery; we are sensible of our Honours, and The injury your extravagant discourse might Have done us, with any but so worthy a Person as Mr. *Wildish*; but he we are Confident understands himself too well To have any ill thought of us from your Vanity: we can do no less than forbid You our House, and pray forbear it without Further Ceremony.

Wildish takes Victoria; Elfridge offers to take Olivia, she refuses.

Oliv. No, Sir, you'll say I come to pick you up In the Garden one time or other. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

Enter Eugenio like an Officer, and three more.

Sir Samuel Forecasts above.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are some Souldiers below, say They must search your House for some Suspicious person.

Fore. I warrant they mean *Eugenio* and *Philander*, I am utterly undone, suspected for a Traytor? And all long of those ungracious Girls! I am Very glad I have got my Christian Cloath On again: go and let 'um in.

Euge. Sir, I hope you will excuse us; we do but Follow our Orders, and having search'd your House for some dangerous persons will

Leave

Leave it you again in peace: *Eugenio* and *Philander* were your Sons, and therefore Most probably judg'd to have made Your House their Sanctuary.

Fore. My House their Sanctuary! I had rather It shou'd be their Grave: since they made The State their Enemy, I have been so too.

Eng. Then you have no thoughts of 'um for Your Daughters?

Fore. No, Sir, I assure you: and to remove all doubt, *Althea's* shortly to be marry'd to *Horatio* (One that will bid you welcome, Sir, if you Please to come to the wedding) and I hope to Dispose of *Diana* e're long to some honest Gentleman of our party.

Enter Althea.

Fore. I command you, on my blessing, to answer All things this Gentleman questions you About, precisely, as it were my self.

Eng. Sir, you do well, but you must retire A little, whilst we examine your Daughters: A man, though never so well meaning Himself, can't answer for others.

[Exit Forecast.]

Eng. Lady, your Father here has shew'd Himself a faithful Subject to the Common-Wealth; it now remains to know what Correspondence you entertain with *Eugenio* And *Philander*, your former Servants.

Alth. Upon my honour not the least, we are Too strictly watch'd to have a correspondence With any man, and are too careful of our Selves to hold one with persons so obnoxious.

Eng. Are you resolv'd you never will?

Alth. As things are now they never shall.

Eng. Must you then marry *Horatio*?

Alth. My Father tells me so, and I have hitherto Been Dutiful.

Eng.

Eng. *Horatio's* an accomplish'd Gentleman.

Alb. He is Sir, and worthy of more happiness
Than I can bring him to.

Eng. By Heaven, she loves him. [aside.]
You lov'd *Eugenio* once, and gave vow for vow.

Alb. I did perhaps.

Eng. A Stranger and an Enemy as he is I pity him.

Alb. 'Tis noble in you, Sir, but we must all obey
Our Fortunes.

[*Eugenio* Lets fall his Disguise.]

Eng. And curse 'um too, if they be all like mine,
That love where beauty, and not virtue, shine.
O that the Tyrants knew that I were here!
Death does more lovely now than life appear.

Since thou art false, 'tis she alone has charms;
Neglected love rests only in your arms:

When I am dead you may your choice avow
Without reproach, which sure you cannot now:
And I shall want the sense of all my wrongs,
My death both to my rest, and thine belongs.

Alb. Can this *Eugenio* be, and so unkind,
What strange Distemper rages in thy mind?
Cou'd once my Soul of a base thought allow,
He that believes me false thou'd find me so.

Eng. Must you not, Madam, with *Horatio* wed?
'Tis a belief that your own words have bred.

Alb. Forgive my fear, if any word of mine
Unto that hateful sound seem'd to encline:
Your rude appearance, of a Souldier, made
My tender heart, and very love afraid:
I durst not speak, what most I did believe,
But us'd such words as you wou'd best receive.

Eng. Alas, *Althea*! what you told me here,
Did not create, although encrease, my fear:
That you must make him happy, is not new,
Nor did I learn the killing sounds from you;
The Streets are full of it, and every where
I can of nothing but this *Hymen* hear.

Alb.

Alth. 'Tis true, my Father does a match design
 'Twixt me and this *Horatio*, and does joyn
 Threats to Commands, urges th' uncertain state
 Of your affairs, your Party, and the Fate
 Of such as do a well form'd Power i de;
 How they are always conquer'd or betray'd.
 My Beauty fatal to it self the while
 Inflames *Horatio*, and discourse (like Oyl)
 Foments the fire: of such a Love he tells,
 As would prevail but where your Image dwells;
 But still in vain the Heart I gave to you,
 The one does threaten, and the other woo.

Eng. An absent Lover ill maintains the field:
 Does not my Image to his presence yield?

Alth. I'm sure it ought; reproaches so severe,
 They that deserve 'um not will never bear.
 'Twere just that Faith which you so ill deserve,
 For one of nobler thoughts I shou'd reserve.

Eng. We oft are made by a too great concern
 (Like too much light) unable to discern.
 The leave I gave to your surprise so late,
 Now for my own distraction I intreat.
 Where there is much of Love, there will appear
 Mixt with our boldest hope some little fear.

Alth. That fear in a true Lover soon wou'd dye,
 Which to my Virtue is an Enemy.

Eng. Hope is the passion of a calmer brest,
 But high concernments are with doubt oppress'd.
 To few, alas, is such assurance given
 Not to fear Hell, although they hope for Heaven.
 I not your Virtue, but my Fate accuse,
 Which still does me with ghest rigour use.

Alth. Though Fate, *Eng.* for Misfortune meant,
 I wou'd refuse to be the Instrument:
 That dire necessity it seldom gave
 Of harming them, whom we wou'd only save.

Eng. But hark, I think I hear a noise of Swords.

Alth. The sound, alas, no room for doubt affords.

You might perhaps be safe in your disguise,
Spoke within by Soldiers. Where are the rest of 'um?
 Down with the doors there.

Euge. Their sudden coming all such hope denies,
 'Tis me they seek, I am ray'd; but yet *am betray*
 Since I can't shun, I'll try to break the net.
 This Paper will inform your Sister where
 She may of her unhappy Servant hear.
 Make him remove, help him to shun that Fate:
 Which does for the unblest *Eugenio* wait.
 My Rival in their head! by all the Gods,
Horatio, this is an unmanly odds;
 Yet if on thee I can but fall reveng'd,
 I'll live for death most happily have chang'd.

Hora. *Eugenio* here! I thought of nothing less,
 But my clear meaning this will best express.

He fights on Eugenio's side.

Officer. Down with 'um both.

The Soldiers prevail, they are taken.

Euge. Sir, let my life the cruel forfeit pay,
 And bear not rashly so much worth away.
Horatio was too far by Vertue led,
 And sav'd that blood he nobly should have shed:
 He being my Rival fear'd the world might say,
 He for my hated life this train did lay.
 Honour engag'd his Sword in my defence,
 And Honour is a kind of Innocence.

Hora. *Eugenio* leave to intercede for me,
 I only grieve I cou'd not rescue thee.
 That so thou might'st thy preservation owe
 To the same Vertue thou so ill didst know:
 And I some fitter time might make thee *know*
 The injustice of thy mean aspersions, *the own*
 To think I came thus rudely to invade
 The place where all that I adore is laid;
 And then to take my Rival in a snare,
 Where if I wou'd I knew I cou'd not spare.

Was an affront thou with that life hadst paid,
Which I defended: but revenge shows base,
Which on our Honour more dependence has.

Euge. Some other time for this dispute we'll take,
Revenge by threatening we the harder make.

Officer. Come, Gentlemen, you must away, my
Orders press; you will have time enough to talk
Of these things in the Tower.

*Enter two Souldiers bringing in Sir
Samuel.*

Officer. Sir, you must along.

Fore. Who I! for what?

Offic. For harbouring *Eugenio* here, a known
Enemy to the State.

Fore. You brought him with you for ought I know,
I n'er saw his face, I answer'd an Officer, and
Two Souldiers that came to search for him
Even now, and as I thought, gave 'um satisfaction.
But when I heard the clashing of Swords, because
I wou'd not be made accessory to any thing that
Might happen, I confels I retir'd into a
Corner of my Garret.

Offic. Sir, this won't satisfie, the Receiver is as
Bad as the Thief; I have found a Traytor
In your house, and you shall answer it.

Fore. *Eugenio*, you are an honest Gentleman,
Pray speak, did I know any thing of your
Being here?

Euge. Not in the least, Sir: but my word I fear
Will do you little service.

Enter Wildish.

Wild. What, Sir *Samuel*, agen under persecution?
Nay, faith, I can do you no service now, these
Are a sort of Gamesters I dare not meddle withal.

Fore. I am undone! here's *Eugenio* found in my
House, and they are carrying him to the Tower.

Wild. Come, bear up, Sir, if there come a turn,
You'll be a great man.

Fore. I shall be hang'd on that side, and to speak
My own Conscience, I have deserv'd it.

Wild. No, to lye in Prison for concealing Cavaliers,
Will be great merit; and let me tell you as a friend,
There's like to be a turn suddenly, 'tis thought the
General will declare like an honest man, I say
No more; therefore carry your self moderately,
This accident may chance to do you good service,
If you have the grace to make the right use on't:
But how came *Eugenio* and *Horatio* of a side?

Fore. I came but just now among 'um, and know
Nothing; but 'tis a strange thing a man can't be
Believ'd in his own defence: carry me to Prison &
I'll see what Justices hand they have for't.

Offic. We shall find hands enough, ne're fear it.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT V. SCENE P.

Enter Philander Solus.

Phil. **T**Is strange I nothing of *Eugenio* hear,
So long an absence may be worth a fear:
His friendship was not wont to hide from me
Of his most secret thoughts the new Decree.
I doubt his Love impatient of delay,
Has to *Althea* found some desperate way,
His passion cou'd not my slow cure attend,
On which, alas, he did in vain depend.
I was to blame, no sooner to provide
Against deluded hope's unruly tide;
Which now I fear has born him on a shelf,
Where he'll unkindly perish by himself.

Enter Diana in Man's Cloaths.

Ha! a strange face! wou'd I had not been seen;
But 'tis too good for Treason to lurk in.

Sure

Sure Gentle youth the place you have mistook,
I cannot be the man for whom you look.

Dian. Philander, in your troubled face I read
Some apprehensions that you are betray'd:
But when you shall my woful story hear,
A Juster sorrow will remove your fear.

Phil. Thou hast my name, and yet I know thee not,
Quickly unty sweet youth this painful knot.

Dian. Know you this hand?

Phil. Alas it is my own,
This from *Eugenio* cou'd be had or none:
Speak, is he dead? is this his Legacy?
And has he sent it, gentle youth, by thee?
Has he *Horatio* fought? killing, or slain,
He almost equally wou'd breed my pain.

Dian. He and *Horatio* fought, but on a side.

Phil. What wonder beyond this can Fate provide?
I knew, *Eugenio*, thou wert always brave,
And that thy Love was still thy Honours slave.

Dian. On your friends part you have the vertue brought,
But 'twas *Horatio* for *Eugenio* fought.

Phil. Such a prodigious union cou'd not fail.

Dian. A Band of Souldiers did o're both prevail.

Phil. Is my unhappy friend a Prisoner made?

Dian. He is, and close in the White Tower laid:
He bad me tell you so, that you might shun
The desperate hazard that his life must run.

Phil. How came he, gentle youth, thus to expose
My life to one whom he so little knows?

Dian. I am his near relation, and have been
Privy to all Designs he has been in.
He bids you to remove without delay,
For y'are endanger'd hourly by your stay:
The Souldiers about him a Paper took,
Which, though obscurely, of your Lodging spoke.

Phil. In vain we to that wretch good counsel give,
Resolv'd to perish, and unfit to live:
When he is gone, what business have I here?

What

What can again be worth a hope or fear?
 The hour he dyes this shall be my relief, *pointing to his sword.*
 If I cou'd need another wound than grief.

Dian. How can you hope to please *Eugenio's* Ghost,
 In killing him whom he esteems the most?
 In life our friends we chuse, but those we hate
 We rather with Companions of our Fate:
 If I a present to his shade wou'd send,
 It shou'd be of his Foe, and not his Friend.
 But yet I hope *Eugenio* may escape;
 Safety has come in an unlookt for shape.

Phil. That hope alone makes me consent to live.

Dian. Can you for life no other reason give?

Phil. None that, alas! is fit for thee to hear.

Dian. Does then *Diana's* heart so vile appear?

Phil. I hope thou wilt my better Genius prove,
 Since thus thou know'st my business and my love.

Dian. She tells me you have often fill'd her Ears
 With gentle words, and wet her arms with tears;
 Vow'd that your hope and fear, grief, and delight,
 Her frowns or favours only cou'd excite.

Phil. Why so I did, sweet youth, and told her true,
 But I'm amaz'd it shou'd be known by you.

Dian. Of late she has worn a face of discontent,
 That seem'd neglected friendship to lament:
Eugenio to her Sister found a way,
 Though various hazards in his passage lay.

Phil. Unwisely he the short-liv'd pleasure sought,
 Too soon 'twas paid for, and too dearly bought;
 Like *Orpheus* for one poor untimely look,
 He has the hope of all he lov'd forlook.

Dian. That haste express a passion, though to blame:
 Impatience is of love the best extrem.

Phil. That Heir's accurs'd, that for a present sum
 Resigns the hope of all he has to come.
 I wou'd *Diana* to the world prefer,
 And for her venture any thing but her.
 But, gentle youth, methinks thou speak'st as though

Thou

Thou mad'st a doubt, whether I lov'd or no.

Dian. Pray Heaven *Diana* mayn't: your fault was great,
To think of Honour when the day was set
For *Hymen's* Rites; when nought else could destroy
Your hopes, which then were ripening into joy,
You were a Traytor to the State declar'd,
And in the glittering toyls of Fate ensnar'd.

Phil. Be witness Heaven, and all ye Powers above...
That see our infant passions weakly move,
E're they have force into the face to climb,
Or to one action can our wills encline,
If ever, for one moment, in my breast
I gave to any (she inspir'd not) rest.

Dian. Why did you then such daring projects frame,
And danger court that not concern'd your flame?

Phil. 'Tis true, before I knew *Diana's* charms,
I courted Fame in danger and in Arms,
And thought no Cause cou'd lasting glory bring,
Like the just quarrel of our injur'd King.
Eugenio's friendship too that Fire improv'd,
And made me wed that Cause I ever lov'd:
What since I did was on a former score,
My Fate she can't condemn, but must deplore...
I was in honour pre-engag'd too far,
E're to retire, and yet to merit her.
But whence could'st thou this hated knowledge gain?
He worse than kills, who makes me live in pain:
Thy Beauty, youth, and Words do all persuade,
Thou happy in her nearest trust art made.

*Diana here drops a Ring, pulling out
a Handkerchief.*

Ye Gods! the Ring I to *Diana* sent!
Do not frail man beyond his Nature tempt.
The good thou hast done, I thus forget it all,
And let my vengeance on my Rival fall. [*He draws.*]
Draw, or I'll leave thee dead upon the ground.

She pulls off her Perriwig.

Dian. I dare not draw--and sure you dare not wound.

Phil. &c.

Phil. With sudden light I for a while am blind,
 I sought a Rival, and a Mistress find;
 Where I thought all my rage, my love is due,
 So high a pitch my wishes never flew;
 I am not by degrees to pleasure led,
 Nor slowly made the doubtful steps to tread,
 But in an instant, my exalted mind
 Feels all her hopes set free, and fears confin'd:
 So Kings in Battels that they gave for gone,
 Redeem their own and win another Crown.

Dian. That faith, which nothing shou'd in question bring,
 From a few words you doubt, and from a Ring:
 How can I hope a lasting friendship, where
 So light appearance brings so mean a fear?

Phil. Such a surprize a jealous pang might give
 To any breast where so much love does live:
 But why, *Diana*, in this strange disguise?
 Was it to make me happier by surprise?

Dian. Cou'd I my fear, as well as love o'recome,
 You'd been preserv'd, and never known by whom;
 Such a concern I wou'd not have betray'd,
 Till I were surer of your passion made.

Phil. What accident ill understood, cou'd prove
 Of that dire force to make you doubt my love?
 You needs must know how we were all betray'd,
 And the hard scape I and *Eugenio* made;
 And since, it had been fatal to be seen,
 So that this Chamber my whole world has been.

Dian. What made me doubt, it matters not to know,
 Let it suffice I do no longer so.
 The dreadful Sword, which at my breast you held,
 Though with much fear, I with more joy beheld:
 For he that truly does his Rival hate,
 Declares he loves his Mistress at that rate.

Phil. Look on thy self, and measure thence my love,
 Think what a flame so bright a form must move:
 That Knot be confident will ever last,
 Which Passion ty'd, and Reason has made fast.

Dian.

Dian. Farewel, *Philander*, think on what I've said,
And kindly judge the weakness of a Maid.

Phil. Thou art too cruel in so short a stay;
Thus would I gaze my very sight away.

Dian. Though for your safety nothing was too dear,
Now give me leave for my own self to fear. [*Ex. Diana.*]

Phil. She has appear'd like Lightning to my sight,
Which when 'tis vanish, leaves a darker night.

[*Exit Philander.*]

[*Enter Estridge and Modish.*]

Estr. 'Twas certainly that Rogue *Wildish* that betray'd
Us; the Arbour and Bottle of Wine, were his motions.

Mod. Without all peradventure, you saw the
Ladies, when they threw us off, took him home
With'um, nothing could be plainer----what think
You if one of us fought him?

Estr. Why, faith I think we had e'en as good let
That alone; hang him, he'll fight; 'twas only
A trick he put upon us, and let's rall it off,
And serve him in his own kind.

Mod. As how?

Estr. Do you remember a certain Cousin of his
That *Everyyoung* carry'd us to, the Widow of
A rich Alderman, who dy'd suddenly, and left her
All he had? this Widow he intends for Sir *Samuel*
Forecast, and I make no question but he is to have
A round Sum for his good word.

What think you now, if I order it, that one
Of us marry this Widow, then I hope
We are sufficiently reveng'd?

Mod. But how is't possible?

Estr. Nothing so easie: her Maid has promis'd me
To perswade her to take a walk in the Mulberry-
Garden; this is a time there is little or no
Company there, 'tis but waiting at the door
With a trusty Servant or two, and we may
Force her whither we please, and then of
Her own accord she'll marry either of us.

K

Mod.

Mod. Why so?

Estr. If for no other, for the same reason that men
Eat Horse-flesh in a Siege; because she can come
At nothing else.

Mod. If it were a foolish Girl, we might do
Somewhat with her indeed; but these Widows
Are like old Birds, not to be ram'd; she'll fight and
Scratch, and fly about, there will be no enduring her.

Estr. Fear nothing: when she considers she has no
Other way to save her Reputation, she'll hear reason.

Mod. Well; but being equal Adventurers, how
Shall we agree about the Prize?

Estr. He that marries her, shall give the other a
Statute upon his Estate, for two thousand
Pounds, a pretty good Sum, and will serve to stop a gap.

Mod. Content, and I wish thee joy of her
With all my heart.

Estr. You shall find me as good a Pay-master
As her Husband the old Alderman wou'd
Have been: but stand close, here she comes.

Enter the Widow and her Maid, they seize 'um.

Wid. Thieves, Murderers, Villains! what do you mean?

Estr. Nothing, nothing, but I'll make bold to stop
That pretty mouth of thine, Widow, for once.

They carry 'um off.

Mod. Whither shall we carry 'um?

Estr. To a little house I have taken a quarter of
A mile off for that purpose, where no body
Could hear 'um, though they had Falcons
Or Huntsmens voices.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir John Everyoung, and Sir Samuel Forecast.

Ever. Give you joy, Brother, give you joy.

Fore. Of what?

Ever. Why, of your Lieutenantcy of the Tower: I
Know you can be here upon no other account, and
Indeed your fidelity to the Publick claims no less.

Fore.

Fore. Sir, give you joy of your new Suit, and Fair Perriwig there.

Ever. Faith, Brother, it fits with no Fortune To day, what ere's the matter, I was never Worse put together in all my life, and but to Congratulate your advancement, wou'd not Have left the Company I din'd with.

Fore. I hope to return your kind Visit in the Fleet, And see your Daughters sell Ale and Cakes there, And your Worship with fewer Trappings on; For thither your extravagant Courses point.

Ever. May my Perriwig never know a good day, Nor be taken for my own hair again, But come off always with my Hat, if it Cost me above twelve pounds.

Fore. Pox on your Hat, and your Perriwig, can you Tell how I shall get out?

Ever. No more than how you got in; but you are Wife, and know business: alas, I know nothing But how to sort Ribands, make Horse-matches, Throw away my money at Dice, and keep my Self out of the Tower.

Fore. O my ungracious Girls!

Ever. What of them? have they broke prison, And taken Sanctuary in the Arms of some sturdy Prentice, Fencing-master, Brother of the Blade, Or any other inferiour Rascal? you were So strict to 'um, I never look'd for other.

Fore. Not so fast; but if you can be serious for A minute, do: they are virtuous, but *Eugenio* A former Servant to *Althea*, since declar'd A Traytor to the State, was taken in my house; I suspected to have been privy to his being There, and so carried along with him hither: I protested my Innocence to the Officers, urg'd My former Service, but all would not do.

Ever. Slight I hope you had more wit! this is The happiest accident that ever befel mortal,

For an old notorious Round-head to be taken
 For a Cavalier at this time; why I never
 Thought it had been in you; this was a Stratagem
 Might have become *Machevile* himself.

Fore. Why, what's the matter? all's well I hope.

Ever. Yes, never better, the General has this day to
 Some persons of quality declar'd for the King;
 All Cavaliers are immediately to have their
 Liberty; therefore make haste to reconcile
 With *Eugenio* and *Philander*: I have an order
 For the delivery of all such Prisoners as are
 Here upon the account of Loyalty to their Prince.

Fore. *Philander* and *Eugenio*, on my Daughters
 Account, will do me all the service they can, and I
 Hope to make some advantage of this imprisonment.

Ever. I'll go and release *Eugenio*, and bring him
 To you; *Horatio* is discharg'd already: though
 We fall out now and then about trifles, we are
 Brothers, and ought to serve one another
 In matters of concern. [Exeunt.]

Enter Victoria, Olivia and Wildish.

Wild. You see now, Ladies, what Fellows you cast
 Your good opinions on: if I said any thing
 That was disrespectful to either of you,
 It ought to go for nothing, I was merely
 Your decoy in the business.

Oliv. We are very well satisfi'd on all hands.

Wild. Sure they'll never have the impudence
 To trouble us again.

Oliv. Now wou'd I were married to *Efridge*;
 That I might plague him soundly.

Wild. How can you make that a Plague, Madam?

Oliv. A hundred ways: I wou'd never come
 Home till three a clock in the morning;
 Tumble my own Handkercher my self, to make
 Him jealous; break his soundest sleeps in
 Commendation of his bosom-friend, and never
 Leave till I have made 'um quarrel; fold up

All manner of Papers, like Love-Letters,
And burn 'um just as he comes into the Room.

Wild. I can tell you how to be reveng'd on him
Beyond all this.

Oliv. Prithce how, *Wildish*.

Wild. Why, marry me, make a good Wife to me,
And let him hang himself for rage.

Oliv. I am not so inveterate an Enemy, I'll forgive
Him rather: if I were your Wife, I must board
Half a year with a Friend in the Country, tumble
About the other half in most villainous Hackneys,
Lye two pair of Stairs high, and wear black
Farrendine the whole year about; see you when
You had no Money to play, and then be kist out
Of a Ring or a Bracelet.

Wild. I wou'd not use a City Widow of five and fifty so,
With seven small Children: and am I to suffer
Nothing all this while?

Oliv. What can you suffer?

Wild. Why, the loss of that which is dearer than life,
My liberty; be known for a marry'd man, and so
Put my self out of all capacity, of breaking Gold,
Promising marriage, or any other way of
Ensuring my self to scrupulous young Virgins
I shall like hereafter.

Oliv. That is to be taken from the occasion of
Playing the Rascal: is that all?

Wild. Not half: if I make but love to a Chamber-maid,
I shall be answer'd, you have a sweet Lady of your
Own, and why will you wrong her? if I get
Acquainted with any young woman, after the fourth
Or fifth visit, be look'd upon by her Father and Mother,
Worse than the Tax-Gatherers in a Country Village;
All this you count nothing.

Oliv. Not to a Lover, *Wildish*.

Wild. Well, there is no service so desperate,
That a gallant man will shrink at, if he like
His reward; and to give his hand thus to a woman,

In him that rightly understand what he does,
Is as bold an action as *As the world is yet*
That I may use it hereafter where and when I please,
Upon my dear *Olivia* I'll venture it.

Oliv. Softly, when you please, and where I please.

Wild. Content *Madam*, will you do me the favour to
Be a Witness?

Viſ. Well Mr. *Wildish*, I'll dance bare foot
To serve you. [*Wildish leads off Olivia.*]

Oliv. Hold, hold, *Wildish*, my heart fails me.

Wild. Slight, I had a qualm too, there's certainly

A more than ordinary providence attends me;

I shall scape yet, I am now in a twitter,

Like a Gamester upon a great by, that is

Heartily afraid he shall lose it, and yet his

Love to the money won't suffer him to draw

Stakes. I must have her, I must have her.

Viſ. Nay, now you are come thus far, e'ne go on.

Oliv. Well, *Wildish*, give me thy hand; the first

Time thou anger'st me, I'll have a Gallant;

And the next, make thee a Cuckold. [*Exit.*]

Enter Horatio and Althea.

Hora. Madam, you know your Father does command

That you shou'd shortly give me your fair hand

Before a Priest; but since I find no part

Goes along with it of your generous heart;

My mind the charming present can refuse;

Fearing t'indulge a passion you accuse

My joy with your least trouble weigh'd must still

Appear to my own self the greater ill.

Alth. Such words as these, *Horatio*, both heap more

Upon a debt that was too great before

I'm cover'd with confusion when I weigh

How much I owe, how little I can pay

You may with ease a fairer Mistress find,

And with more ease such worth will make her kind

And if I're that happy Virgin know

I'll sue to make her pay you what I owe.

Hora.

Hora. To change your thoughts, I will no longer try,
But with the stream I cannot turn, comply:
I to *Victoria* will my suit renew,
And hope to find an Advocate in you.

Alth. You may command me, and *Victoria's* mind
Is of it self to you too well inclin'd.

Hora. All this methinks shou'd your Belief persuade,
I no contrivance with those Villains had,
To take my Rival in so mean a way,
But only came their sudden rage to stay:
All that confusion, and surprize cou'd do,
My passion made me apprehend for you.

Alth. *Horatio's* Honour does too brightly shine,
To be accus'd of such a low design;
Had you within the bounds of friendship staid,
Your self and me you had both happy made.

Hora. With ease from friendship we to love are led,
That slippery path who can securely tread?

*Enter Sir Samuel Forecast, Sir John Everyoung,
and Eugenio.*

Alth. I see my Father, and *Eugenio* here,
And in all faces sudden joys appear.

Forecast, Everyoung, and Horatio seem to discourse.

Eng. Fortune, I pardon thee thy short-liv'd spite,
I for thy constant temper took a fit,
Th'art kind, and gentle, and tis we are blind,
Who do mistrust the ways thou best design'd
To make us blest, though better than our own.

Alth. Can you have joy, and yet *Althea* none?

Eng. May I all misery first undergo,
E're joy divided from *Althea* know.

Alth. What is this wonder hangs upon thy tongue?
Delay does only to ill news belong.

Eng. Madam, your Father licenses my flame,
And you alone can now oppose my claim;
That Cause which Armys did in vain support,
And noblest spirits did, successless, court,
We shining in a bloodless triumph see,
Without the dire effects of Victory.

For .r

For in the Generals breast (the noblest Scene)
The Fate of *England* has transacted been;
On *Albion's* Throne he will our Monarch place,
Our Neighbours terrour, and our Nations grace,
Whilst at his blest approach, all factious minds
Vanish, like leaves before Autumnal Winds.

Alth. Such truth in love and loyalty y'ave shown,
What less for both cou'd by just Heaven be done?

Eng. This happiness, though great, yet is not all,
My dearest friend I soon shall Brother call;
Diana must his deathless Flame repay.

Alth. Fate, to be pardon'd, had no other way.

Eng. See how your Father kindly strives to evade
His former promise to *Horatio* made.

Alth. That work's so nobly in his breast begun,
That a few words will finish what's undone;
Horatio does all happiness despise,
From my obedience, which my love denies.

Forecast to *Eugenio*.

Fore. *Horatio* has releas'd me of my promise to him,
And seeing your changeless love to one another,
Was resolv'd to have mov'd it to me, if I had
Not prevented him.

Eng. Such honour, noble youth, I must confess,
Gives wonder equal to my happiness.

Hora. *Althea* I resign, my guilty flame
Was too unjust to reach so fair an aim:
Victoria's wrongs did my success oppose,
And my lost passion its own penance grows.
So some Offenders are their duty taught
By th'ill effect and nature of their fault.

Eng. My apprehensions by these words are clear'd,
And I dare love that Virtue which I fear'd:
In love alone this mystery we find,
Men best agree when of a different mind.

Hora. There now remains but one thing more to do,
'Tis that *Philander* may be sent for too.
But see he comes.

[Enter *Philander*.]

Fore.

Fore. Brother, if your Daughter were here, we
Might have a dance.

Sir, you are heartily welcome, I kept my Girl
Safe for you, she has not been so much as blown
Upon since you saw her; I knew honest men
Wou'd not be always kept from their own,
There wou'd come a time.

Phil. Sir, I was ever most oblig'd to you—
Eugenio here! then I am doubly blest,
And only fear to be with joy oppress'd.

Eng. The joys of friendship well prepare our mind;
For the high raptures we in love shall find;
The name of Brothers we shall soon obtain.

Phil. Friendship so perfect by no name can gain.
Enter Diana.

Fate is at length asham'd, or weary grown
Upon a Flame you smil'd so long, to frown;
As Vessels tost upon the raging Main;
With greater joy the whilst for Port obtain;
Our love this short, fierce tempest having past,
Will joys more high, since less expected, taste.

Dian. But in the Storm did you throw nothing out?

Phil. Wrong not my love with so unkind a doubt.

Enter Ever. Vict. Oliv. Wild.

Ever. Wildish, thou'rt an honest fellow, I'm glad
I found thee.

Wild. Sir the honest fellow desires to be known to
You by another name, having newly marry'd your
Daughter *Olivia*.

Ever. When, pray Mr. *Wildish*?

Wild. Just now, Sir, the words are scarce out of our
Mouths.

Ever. Well, this is a day I could not have been angry
If thou hadst got her with Child upon a Contract;
But you might have ask'd my leave e're you
Went about to make me a Grandfather.

Wild. If I had had a good Jointure to offer, so I
Wou'd, but if I do make you a Grandfather,
'Tis not done maliciously, I'll swear.

Hora. My guilty Cause my self I dare not plead,
But beg your innocence will intercede:

Since all my fault your matchless beauty made;
Your goodness now shou'd my excuse persuade.

Alth. I in *Victoria* will my interest try,
You, and me both, she hardly shall deny.

Hora. *Victoria*'s mind I cannot hope to move,
Unless a Parents power assist my love.

Her duty will not your commands withstand,
She'll take a worthless Servant from your hand.

Ever. I'm sure she can have no exception to love
Deserving a person as *Honatio*, *Lovers*, like *Spaniels*, do.

But show their mettall in a little tugging: though you
Had a twittering to *Althea*, you'll make ne're the
Worse Husband to *Victoria*. *Victoria*!

Vict. Sir, what's your pleasure?

Ever. That which will prove yours in the end:
Charge you upon my blessing; give *Honatio* your

Hand, go and be marry'd with your Cousins,
And make but one work of it.

Vict. Sir, I am all obedience: who else shou'd
At once against her duty, and her love, stand?

Wild. But *Estridge*, what fine Lady have you got there?

Estr. A certain Widow which I have cast my
Self away upon: a Kinswoman of yours, *Wild*,

That you formerly design'd for the Right Worshipful
Sir *Formal* there: do you know her now?

Sir we made bold with her without your consent.

Wild. Old acquaintance, i'faith, how is't? I have made
As bold, and been as welcome too, as e're you'l be.

Sir: but why did you steal a marriage thus?

Wild. You know I always lov'd stolen pleasures, but
This marriage stole me; your old Knight was

Uncertain, came on by inches, this Gentleman
Leapt into the matter, forc'd me into a Coach, and

Marry'd me in an instant: I cou'd have been
Content to have been a Lady, that I might have

Taken place of my Mistress when she comes to Town:
But a Bird in the hand ———

Estr. Why, have you a Mistress?

Wid. As sure as you have had a hundred,
And now have a Wife.

Mod. I doubt as things go, I shall scarce find you
As good a Pay-Master as the old Alderman.

*Estridge pulls his hand from her, and
looks angry*

Wild. Nay, never use her ill now, 'twas none of her
Fault, she is a very good Creature, and one
That I plac'd to personate my Cousin, on purpose
To catch Sir *Samuel Forecast*; you know he
Took the forfeiture of a Mortgage that concern'd
A very good Friend of mine, and I was resolv'd to
Be reveng'd of him; if you will needs run your
Head into the Noose that's prepar'd for another,
Who can help it? my Cousin is married in Ireland,
Whither she went last Summer to look after
Some money, due to her last Husband.

Wid. I am her House-keeper though, and can bid
You welcome till she returns.

Oliv. A pretty pert thing, I like her humour, she
Carries it off well: but *Wildish*, you shall visit
Her no more now we are married.

Wild. Fear not, *Estridge* will take order for that.

Heratio to Victoria.

Hora. How I do hate my self! that could so long
At once such Beauty and such Goodness wrong.

Vitt. My kindness has forgot you were to blame,
You guilt consum'd in your reviving flame.

Ever. Now you are all pair'd, let's have a Dance.

After the Dance, a great shout within.

Eng. I hear the peoples voice in joyful crys,
Like conquering Troops o're flying Enemies;
They seem to teach us in a ruder way
The Honour due to this all-healing day.

Phil. Let's part a while, and vye who shall express
The highest sense of this great happiness.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

Poets of all men have the hardest Game;
Their best Endeavours can no Favours claim.
The Lawyer, if o'rethrown, though by the Laws,
He quits himself, and lays it on your Cause.
The Souldier is esteem'd a Man of War,
And Honour gains, if he but bravely dare.
The grave Physician, if his Patient dye,
He shakes his head, and blames Mortality.
Only poor Poets their own faults must bear,
Therefore grave Judger be not too severe.
Our Authour humbly hopes to scape your Rage,
Being no known Offender on the Stage,
He came by chance, is a meer Traveller;
All Countries Civil unto Strangers are.
Yet faith he's arm'd howe'er your Censures go,
And can prevent the harm, though not the blow.
No Poet can from this one Comfort fall,
The best ne're pleas'd, nor worst displeas'd you all.

FINIS.

